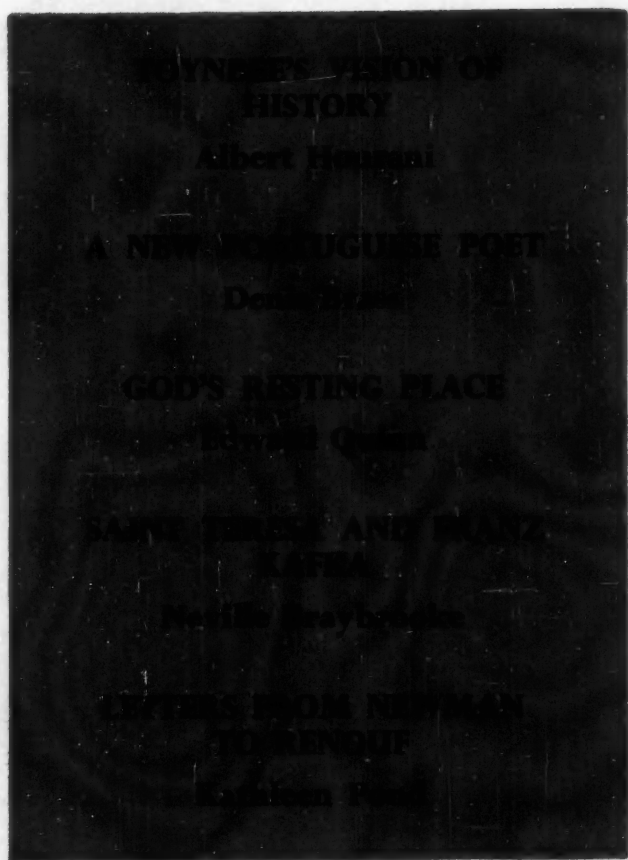
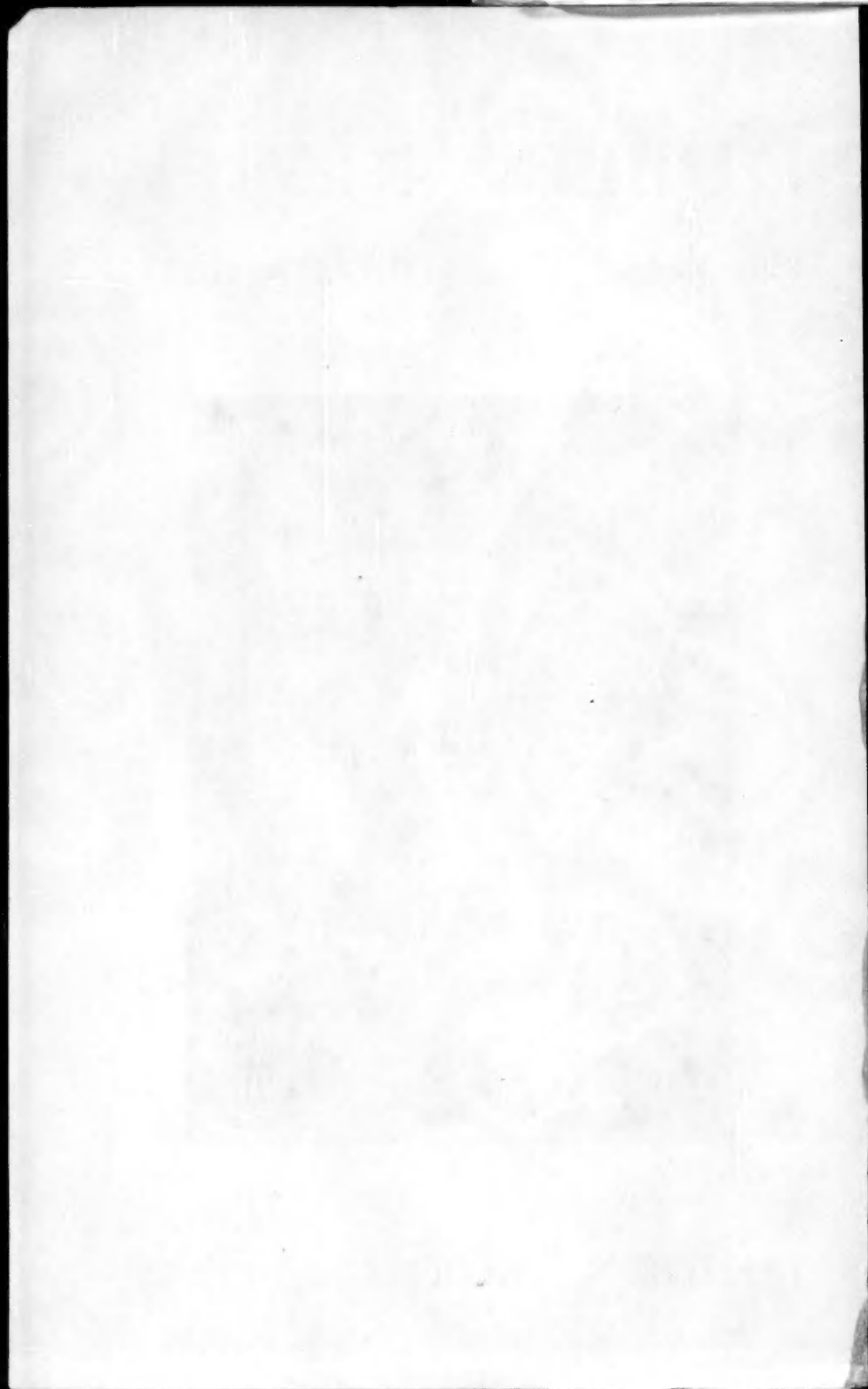


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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

WITH the changing habits of the reading public and the growing need for journals which will provide a forum for the lengthier discussion of issues and ideas than is possible in weeklies or monthlies, it has been decided that it would be closer to the original intentions of the founders of THE DUBLIN REVIEW and of more direct usefulness to our readers in general, if the Review were to appear twice yearly, each number being devoted in the main to the discussion of one central theme. It is intended that these themes will concern matters which are of interest and importance to Catholics in contemporary affairs: such matters as science, literature, the arts, historical research, social and apostolic problems, philosophy and theology.

To carry out these changes, it has been decided to appoint Mr. David Ballard-Thomas as General Editor who will be assisted in the preparation of each number by an Assistant Editor who will be a specialist in the appropriate field. It is intended to continue with a section of critical notices and review of books relevant to each issue as well as a section giving a brief *aperçu* of the situation abroad concerning the matters under discussion. Contributors are especially asked to correspond with the General Editor before submitting material, so that their work can best be fitted in to the scheme in hand.

It is hoped that this new series, commencing in the Spring of 1956, will commend itself, not only to the specialists in each field, but also to younger writers to help them develop and exchange their ideas. Each issue, having a unity in itself, should provide an appeal to people interested in that topic as well as to those regular subscribers who, it is felt sure, will welcome the new series as one further step in continuing and strengthening the REVIEW's one hundred and twenty years of unbroken tradition as a leading organ of Catholic controversy and criticism, providing a balanced,

well-informed survey of current events, thought, literature and scholarship.

It is proposed to send full details of the forthcoming issues, together with information about the renewal of subscriptions, to all regular subscribers, and to all who are interested, within the course of the next few weeks.

TOYNBEE'S VISION OF HISTORY

By ALBERT HOURANI

(I)

WITH the publication, in October 1954, of the last four volumes of the *Study of History*, Toynbee's great work is complete. Twenty years separate these volumes from the first three, published in 1934, and fifteen years from the second group of three, which appeared in 1939. To have had to wait so long has been in one way a gain. So big a book, so full of facts and with so complex a theme, needed to be thoroughly digested. In the last fifteen years there has been time to digest the first six volumes, to discover what Toynbee was trying to do, to formulate the questions which these volumes posed and left unanswered, and to think about the form which the answers might take when they appeared.

It was clear from the start that, considered in the most superficial way, as a storehouse of facts, the book was remarkable. It gathered together a variety of strange and interesting facts about the human world, and even the most casual reader, looking at a page here or there in bed or on a journey, would go away with his store of knowledge increased, and his sense of the strangeness of human life deepened. If some of the facts were inaccurate, we could say of them what Toynbee himself said of Wells' *Outline of History*: that such mistakes were inevitable, and could easily be pardoned, in a book which attempted to re-live 'the entire life of Mankind as a single imaginative experience'.¹ Moreover, they were described vividly, and put together in suggestive ways which revealed whole vistas of history; sometimes they were collected into monographs which, breaking the sequence of the narrative or placed as annexes to it, could be read as separate works and for themselves alone. Such are the monograph on *lingue franche* in

¹ Vol. I, p. 5.

Volume V, that on Pilgrimages in Volume IX, and that on Headgear in Volume X.

(2)

The book of course is far more than a collection of facts, to be judged by the same standards as those which would be appropriate to Pliny's *Natural History* or a medieval bestiary. Its explicit purpose is to try by the empirical method to formulate certain principles which would be valid for human history as a whole. It must therefore be judged (partly at least) by whether or not it succeeds in this purpose.

It will be profitable to begin by some indications of the origin and main outlines of the theory of history elaborated in the first six volumes. Two forces seem to have moulded the theory. On the one hand, Toynbee's training was that of an ancient historian. His early travels took him to the lands lying around the Aegean where Greek civilization grew and decayed; and in later years he was to study and to observe the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire. In this mind which broods on all civilizations, it is above all the life and death of the Eastern Mediterranean societies and their interactions which hold the centre of the stage. Again and again, in considering the genesis of some idea of his, we can see him giving it shape with Near Eastern history in mind, and then applying it to other worlds.

On the other hand, his theory springs from a strong conviction about the Western mind. Western historians, he believes, have gone wrong because they are egocentric, in diverse ways: because they only deal with Western history, or because they only consider other histories in so far as they are relevant to Western history, or because they look at other histories through categories applicable only to Western history, or because they think of themselves as standing outside history and so able to judge it, as if history had somehow come to an end in their own Western world.¹ (If this is scarcely true of Western thinkers now, perhaps it was partly true in the 1920's, when the book was taking shape, and even more true in the years before 1914 when its author's mind was formed.)

¹ '... an unprecedentedly prosperous and comfortable Western middle-class was taking it as a matter of course that the end of one age of one civilization's history was the end of history itself—at least so far as they and their kind were concerned' (IX, 420).

There is a particular form of self-worship which blurs the vision of Western historians when they write about the West, and that is the worship of the nation-state. They tend either to deal with its history in isolation, as if it were an intelligible field of study in itself, or to treat of all history as it affected the interests or impinged on the mind of one nation. But the nation-state, for Toynbee, is 'the social prison-house in which our Western souls are incarcerated';¹ and it is the attempt to escape from this prison which determines the starting-point of his study. The nation-state, he says, is demonstrably not an intelligible field of historical study; we cannot understand the history of any one such state until we enlarge our vision to include a whole network of them bound together not only by intimate political ties but by a common culture and a long tradition of things done and suffered in common. Such a network constitutes a 'civilization'. Let us start from the assumption that 'civilizations' are intelligible units of historical study, and see what we can say about them: in particular, let us see whether we can say anything which is true of the whole class of 'civilizations'. Thus modestly and experimentally, and without too high a claim, the search is launched. It throws up, in the first place, twenty-one identifiable specimens of the class; and in the second a whole theory about how they are born, grow, decline, give birth to others and interact with others.

At the root of this theory lies a distinction between two human states, symbolized for Toynbee by the Chinese terms 'Yin' and 'Yang': the state of quiescence, of passive maintenance of an achieved uniformity; and that of creative advance into the unknown, a turning-away from the customs of the ancestors into a new, still uncharted, unformalized way of life. This is the final dichotomy, and the first principle of historical thought. The processes of history spring from the transition of a human group from Yin to Yang. All that historical thought can do is to trace the circumstances in which the change takes place, and the results it produces: why it happens in those circumstances is a mystery, hidden in the freedom of the human response. (We may note in passing that this dichotomy of Yin and Yang, which expresses itself in numerous forms—Withdrawal and Return, Challenge and Response, Rout and Rally—is only one example of Toynbee's fondness for duality.)

It is by one such transition that civilizations grow. Growth

¹ V, 373.

means a transference of the scale of action and challenge from external challenge to internal: a progress towards self-determination, a tendency for the personality of a civilization to become its own field of action. It occurs when a civilization is presented with a challenge to which it makes a successful response, and in so doing not only absorbs into itself that element which precisely by being unabsorbed presented the challenge, but also generates in itself the energy to meet a further challenge. But how is it that one civilization responds to the challenge while another does not? The answer is to be found in the existence, in the successful civilization, of a creative minority—an individual, a few men or a whole group—which, taking upon itself the burden of the challenge in the solitude of withdrawal, returns into the heart of the community with the problem solved, and draws after it the whole uncreative mass by the force of 'Mimesis'.

But this force of Mimesis, which makes the strength of a growing society in that it makes possible the transmission of new ideas or skills from the minority to the majority, is also the weakness of all civilizations. The uncreative majority can only be dislodged from its state of Yin by the force of charm; but once the charm no longer works its magic the symbiosis is dissolved. 'All action that proceeds from Mimesis is essentially precarious because it is not self-determined'; and this is especially so in a dynamic society, where the bond of charm is no longer reinforced by that of custom. Sooner or later a 'breakdown' may occur: that is to say, there is a loss of harmony in one form or another—between the old institutions of a society and its new ideas, for example, or between Majority and Minority. The latter may either withdraw from responsibility for society into 'esotericism', or else on the contrary it may impose its will too heavily and so distort the whole of society. If it follows either of these paths, it may cease to be capable of responding creatively to new challenges; indeed, its very success in facing one challenge may make it incapable of dealing with the next.

If this should happen (and we say 'if', because there is nowhere a hint that the whole process *must* happen; on the contrary there is every insistence that man can always break the chains which seem to bind him, if he wills)—then the civilization may pass from 'break-down' to 'disintegration'. The same challenge, never successfully faced and so repeating itself again and again in 'merciless uniformity', turns the lack of harmony into a schism, a gulf slowly widening within the body of the community. The gulf

may appear between the different 'parochial' communities into which the civilization is divided (for example, the national communities which make up Western civilization); or it may be a gulf between the different 'elements' or 'classes' which form the civilization. The civilization will fall apart into three 'classes'. The former Creative Minority, since it no longer responds creatively to challenges, becomes a Dominant Minority, thinking of its position of leadership as a position of privilege, and holding on to it in ways which do not help the civilization to overcome its problems. Over against it there emerge an Internal Proletariat, a mass which, no longer being bound to the Minority by Mimesis, has made an act of secession and does not regard itself as belonging to the civilization; and an External Proletariat, formed of elements drawn to the frontier of the civilization in its days of growth by its attractive force, but no longer willing to accept the role for which the civilization had intended them, and so becoming a menace to it.

As the disintegration proceeds (and again we must add, 'if') the relations between these elements turn from those of harmony to those of force; the minority tries ever more desperately to hold on to its position, and the proletariat reacts by violence. But this is not the whole story: for at the moment when the three classes by the violence of their conflict are destroying both themselves and the civilization as a whole, all three of them explode in acts of creation which light up the dying world. The Dominant Minority at its last gasp may produce a Universal State, the Internal Proletariat a Universal Church, while the External Proletariat gives birth to barbarian States and war-gods, heroism and epic poetry.

Of these, only the Universal Church is 'forward-looking', the chrysalis of a new civilization, and also the path by which men may save themselves from the death of the old. For the Church is created by a new minority which appears in the ranks of the proletariat, and it is a minority of a new sort. The experience of life in a decaying society poses a challenge to the individual soul. The schism in society gives rise to schism in the soul, and there may emerge a new type of leader who will show how to cure it: the Saviour who leads those who will follow him out of the doomed society. But those who will not follow are caught in the rhythm of disintegration, which typically takes the form: Rout-Rally-Collapse. The collapsing society pulls itself together on the edge of defeat, seems to restore its strength, but then once more hears the

merciless insistence of the returning challenge. Of these efforts to cheat death, the strongest is that which gives birth to the Universal State; and when the Universal State collapses, the civilization dies, either through absorption into some other, or else by dissolving into chaos, from which in the fullness of time a new civilization *may* arise.

This is the briefest sketch of a theory which has not only been formulated with nuances and with respect for the complexity of human history, but has also been in some measure tested by being applied in detail to many historic situations. It contains ideas and suggestions which have helped to fertilize historical studies in the last twenty years. The idea that a civilization should not be treated as something unique, but as a representative of a species; the idea of the internal and external proletariat; the detailed analysis of the ways in which social schism casts its shadow in the individual soul; the description of the great acts which illuminate the death of a society, and the idea that a heroic age is not a primitive age, but the product of a civilization in decline—such thoughts can open a new vista on many a field of studies, and if some of them seem commonplace now, it is partly because Toynbee has made them so. Yet although few of those who have read him, and even of his critics, have failed to profit from one or other element in his thought, fewer still have been ready to accept his theory as a whole, and this not always because of prejudice against the idea of law in history as such, but often because of valid objections which can be made to the basic concepts of Toynbee's thought and to the use he makes of them.

Thus the prime categories of his thought are irremediably vague. It is difficult for example to find in his work a clear definition of what he means by a 'civilization'; and this lack of definition accounts for something arbitrary in his list of civilizations. Of the twenty-one civilizations, why should no less than eight be found in the Near East? Why should Japanese civilization be distinguished from the main body of Far Eastern, while English civilization is not distinguished, as with equal reason it could be, from the main body of the West? Why should the apparently unified civilization of the Islamic world be split up, as it were arbitrarily, into three civilizations (revived Syriac, Arabic, Iranic)? Why should the Ottoman Empire be regarded as an 'abortive civilization', while other Empires are treated as manifestations of some civilization which extends beyond them in time? Again, when 'the

Nomads' are introduced as another 'abortive civilization', is not the term 'civilization' being used in a different sense, not to denote a particular society but to indicate a whole type of societies?

Nor is the use which is made of the concepts above criticism. In spite of all attempts to be flexible, the schematism is too rigid. A proposition is formulated, then in some or all of the twenty-one civilizations some phenomenon is discovered, after more or less search, which seems to exemplify it; often, however, to single out this phenomenon and give it the importance which the theory postulates is to give a picture of a civilization which would not be accepted by those with detailed knowledge of it. Russian civilization for example is said to have broken down in the twelfth century or thereabouts. The theory demands this: but would any Russian historian accept its implication, which is that the movement of Russian society after this moment was fundamentally different from what it had been before—that whereas before it had been moving in a harmony of classes towards self-determination, afterwards it moved through increasing alienation of classes towards dissolution? It is at this point that we feel the effect of the author's special concern with the Eastern Mediterranean. Ultimately his theory has been built up to explain the development of Greek civilization since the Homeric age; it is only with difficulty that other historical movements can be fitted into the mould.

Even if some of the propositions are true, however, it has not been proved that they are true. For all Toynbee's insistence on the 'empirical method of proof', he has no valid method of proof at all. Sometimes he is content simply to assert his propositions; sometimes he supports them with a single example; sometimes he proceeds by simple enumeration of instances, although simple enumeration is no method of proof, unless it is either complete enumeration of all the instances of a species, or of all the relevantly different species of a genus.

Even supposing this were not so, and it had been shown that certain uniformities exist in history, there would still be certain questions to ask about them. After it had been proved that civilizations were the final entities of human history, that all of them were subject to the same forces, and that all until now had suffered the same fate, it would still be right to ask what the status of these 'laws' is, and why they exist. Is it just an accident that civilizations arise, or is there something in the nature of man which leads to the

emergence of units of this type and size, to the separation between them, to the growth and breakdown which each passes through, and to the death which so far has befallen them? To be firmly established, a theory of history must be grounded in a theory of Man and of the Universe. In the first six volumes the theory is not so grounded, although there are hints of the way in which it might be. Thus there appears all through a clear belief in human freedom: the process of growth, breakdown, disintegration and dissolution can be interrupted at any point. But there is no clear explanation of why, in spite of freedom, certain recurrences can be found in history; and if one asks for an explanation of that rhythm of Yin and Yang to which all these recurrences can be reduced, one is given not an explanation but a poetic description of the 'Promethean elan' which, as in Plato, can be hinted at in myths but not elucidated by discursive reason.

(3)

If such criticisms have been made of Toynbee's work, and if many of those who have made or who accept them have drawn the conclusion that the work is of no theoretical value, he has only himself to blame. To judge by the evidence of the whole book, no less than by the fascinating autobiography with which, in Volume X, he ends it, his mind was formed early and (apart from Jung and Bergson) has known no profound influences since 1914. Thus like all his generation he was impressed by the prestige of the natural sciences, and his thought about history seems unquestioningly to have taken the form which would have been appropriate to thought about physical nature. That is to say, he takes it for granted that the right thing to do with the objects which form the material of his study is to group them together and try to discover uniformities in their structure or their way of behaving; and that the right way of establishing such uniformities is the 'empirical method'. He cannot complain if his critics, taking him at his word, should point out that his 'laws' are not universally true and his proofs of them not convincing.

Yet it is possible to see the book in another light, as an imaginative vision of history, having the same relation to fact as has poetry, gaining its value and validity not from its literal accuracy but from its originality, its internal consistency, the method of its

expression and the help it gives us in understanding the historical process.

What are we to say of the nature and quality of this vision of history? It is the product of a man of strange and powerful imagination, haunted by echoes and visions. It can hear the echoes resounding from one world to another, and knows exactly how the echo distorts the original voice; among the most interesting sections of the book are those dealing with Renaissances, with the evocation in one world of another's ghost. It is haunted too by ruins; in quoting Volney on the Levant, Gibbon on the fragments of Imperial Rome, Toynbee is acknowledging a spiritual affinity. It was the sight of Mistra, seen on a walking-tour in Greece when he was twenty-one, which was the starting point of the whole long meditation from which this book has sprung: 'Mistra had continued . . . to reign for . . . 600 years as the queen of the broad landscape that could be surveyed from her topmost battlements; and then, one April morning, out of the blue, the avalanche of wild highlanders . . . had overwhelmed her . . . and her ruins had been left desolate from that day to this.'¹ This was the first of many lessons in the fragility of all civilizations, our own among them. The sight of a baroque villa, built in Crete under the Venetian occupation and soon abandoned to the Turks, was 'a *memento mori* for an England that was then still alive';² later he was to see the unclouded afternoon of the English middle class end in the First World War, and to observe, and write one of the best of his books about, the destruction in a single year of three millenia of Greek civilization in Asia Minor.³

Behind the echoes and ruins there lies a moral vision of history. It is easy to see that all Toynbee's concepts in the end are moral ones. Casual moral judgements are strewn loosely over his pages. Acts are 'unpardonable', motives are 'cynical', historic figures are accused of 'intellectual stupidity' and 'moral aberration'. It is not an accident that such words appear. They are necessary implications of Toynbee's whole view of history. The categories in terms of which he sees the historical process are ethical. 'Harmony' and 'self-determination' are normative concepts. They are something one can aim at but never wholly achieve; they are, moreover, something which, in Toynbee's view, a civilization ought to aim at, and it is for this reason that he calls progress towards them

¹ X, 108.

² IV, 202.

³ *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey.*

'growth', and regress from them 'breakdown'. Further, they are ends which can only be achieved by the practice of virtue. Virtue is both the essence and the cause of growth; sin is both the essence and the cause of breakdown, and again and again throughout the book there recurs a line from Meredith, 'We are betrayed by what is false within'.

Put in the simplest and most general terms, Toynbee's view of history consists in one statement of value and two of fact. Civilizations ought to aim at harmony and self-determination; in their earlier stages they approach this goal; in their later stages they have all so far abandoned it, and in so doing have killed themselves.

More specifically, what the book is about is *hybris*, the self-destroying pride which tempts men at the moment of triumph and power. Creative minorities and the institutions they have made easily fall into self-worship, and in so doing they perish. If they can resist the temptation, or if having fallen into it they can come to themselves and repent, they may avoid dissolution. That is the message of the book: but it raises the most urgent question of all. Even if a civilization avoid the path of decay, what other path can it follow? Once having achieved harmony and self-determination, to what purpose if any can it use them? Can it have any purpose beyond itself, or in the end is there no more to be said of it than that it was born, grew and died or avoided death? Such questions lie only just below the surface of these first six volumes, and there are hints of an answer to them: or rather of two answers, each very different from the other.

On the one hand, 'civilization' is seen as something ultimate. Each civilization has its norm within it, just as each has its time-scale within it; it is possible to judge each phase of it by how near it approaches the norm, just as it is possible to date each event in it by how near it is to its death or birth. But civilizations as a whole are 'philosophically' identical just as they are 'philosophically' contemporaneous. Just as it is pointless to talk of one civilization as coming before or after another in time, so it is pointless to compare them or judge between them. (Here once more we can see the author's eagerness to escape from Western 'egocentrism', the tendency to judge one civilization by the standards of another: and here too we can see the influence of concepts drawn from the natural sciences. The biologist is concerned, for example, with growth. The fact that one man is taller than another is for him of

no importance in itself, but only in so far as study of the reasons for it may throw light on the process of growth in general.)

When this idea is uppermost in Toynbee's mind, he applies his relativism not only to the political and social aspects of a civilization, those elements which by their very nature are ephemeral, but also to its thoughts and its beliefs. Religion is seen only as the end-product of a civilization, important because it is the only successful way of responding to a certain stage in the decline of a civilization, and because of the part it may play in bringing a new civilization to birth. It is a 'response to the challenge presented by the disintegration of civilizations'.¹ But on the other hand there is now and then a hint that human history as a whole has a meaning; that Man as such has a purpose, and therefore civilizations can be judged by whether they bring him nearer to it, and even the relation of before-and-after between them will have a meaning. A hint of this first emerges in Volume I, where the author, reviving an almost forgotten theory of Bernard Shaw, sees the purpose of life as 'the transformation of Sub-Man through Man into Super-Man'.² But the idea of Superman is soon absorbed in another. Not to transcend mankind but to perfect it is seen as the goal, and all growth in civilization is equated with progress towards sainthood.

The meaning of sainthood however is not yet clearly defined, and here again we can find a contradiction of emphases. If sometimes it seems that Toynbee identifies sainthood with *all* human success, and regards the emergence of any Creative Minority as a step towards it, at other times he uses the word in a sense much nearer to that which is traditional. There is a Christian note running through his volumes, and it becomes louder when the decay and death of civilizations are discussed. The only true response to the experience of living in a disintegrating society is 'transfiguration'—to see the Kingdom of God lying behind the facts of human history, and to enrol oneself in it—and only a Christian can take this path, for only he knows the truth of God's Love. The 'stone which both Zeno and Gautama have so obstinately rejected is become the head of the corner of the temple of the New Testament'.³ When tested all saviours fail us except one: 'a single figure rises from the flood and straightway fills the whole horizon'.⁴

¹ IV, 222.

² VI, 164.

³ I, 159.

VI, 278.

(4)

From these brief notes it is possible to discover what questions were still unanswered when the sixth volume ended. There was a question about man: how far is he free in history, and in so far as history obeys laws, what is the human basis of those laws? There was a question about the Universe: what if any is the purpose of human history as a whole? There were two more questions however, implied but not yet made explicit, and of a more immediate relevance.

First, what can we expect of our own Western civilization? Whereabouts in the life-cycle of a civilization can we place the present phase of our own society? Is there any hope that we may escape from the fate which has fallen upon all societies previous to ours? If so, what must we do to be saved? There is a hint, in Volume VI, that the West has reached that point which follows breakdown and precedes the establishment of a Universal State;¹ and there is an analysis of that factor in which the author finds the challenge which confronts the West today—the combination of Democracy and Industrialism with the parochial State, giving rise to Nationalism and War.² But at the end of the sixth volume the question still remains open.

Secondly, what of Toynbee himself? A book of this sort is bound to be in some sense a work of self-revelation, and this is more so than most. Professor Toynbee forgets nothing, and for him nothing is without significance. Sooner or later, everything he has seen, heard, read or otherwise learned emerges. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that the book is his education: not only enriched by, but built up out of, the experience of an Englishman of the middle class, brought up in the last years before 1914 and nurtured in the classical tradition of a public school. It is impossible for him to write a single sentence which does not carry in it echoes, in its rhythm and phrases, of the Bible in its Anglican version and the classical authors whom he studied at Winchester. Indeed, the very elements of which his theory are built are the commonplaces of an English classical education. The concept of a 'civilization' which holds together different political units with a profound even if unembodied bond; the idea of the withdrawal and return of the Creative Minority (so similar to Plato's myth of

¹ VI, 316.

² IV, 137 foll.

the return of the philosophers into the Cave); the ideal of harmony and the danger of *hybris*—these are lessons which all classic schoolmasters draw from the study of the history and literature of Ancient Greece. Would it even be fanciful to see in the idea of Rout and Rally an echo of the Winchester playing-fields, with the school team going down valiantly against overwhelming odds, in the fading light of a winter's afternoon, but snatching from defeat the crown of an unyielding heroism?

Although the book in a sense is typical of a certain age and class—even in a sense conventional for all its air of originality—in a more profound way it is deeply personal. It is impossible not to hear, in the voice of Toynbee brooding on civilization, the anguish of a man brooding on himself. The *Study of History* is a spiritual autobiography, but one of a peculiar sort. Something (perhaps that reserve which makes him express his feelings, when he must express them, not in his own language but in Greek) makes him incapable of writing about himself in the first person. Whenever he has occasion to refer to himself, it is always in the third person, and always one tense backwards in the past, so that instead of saying 'I was' he will write 'the author had been. . . .' In this and other ways the personal note is muted, but it is still there. It is not difficult to hear the cry of a human soul in anguish, searching amidst the ruins of history for an abiding city; nor is it difficult to see in what direction, when Volume VI ended, his search was taking him. For all his knowledge of the Bible he seems to have little systematic knowledge of the traditional Science of Theology; what makes these first six volumes most moving is their revelation of a powerful and earnest mind painfully stumbling back to the Church its ancestors had known.

(5)

Those who admired Toynbee's work, and those who had come near enough to the radiation of his charm, his kindness, and his nobility to care that he should find what he was seeking, had fifteen years to think of these questions before the last four volumes appeared, and gave them answers which, although foreshadowed to some extent by minor writings in the last few years, were nevertheless not quite what anyone had expected, and were far from what many might have hoped.

It is clear that in the last few years Toynbee's view of history

and of the Universe has changed radically. Such a change does not matter perhaps in itself, and was indeed only to be expected in a book which had been thirty years in the making; but here it is important both because of its extent and because in spite of all its claims the book is by no means empirical in its method. Its main outlines were sketched thirty-five years ago, in the course of a journey from London to Constantinople by the Orient Express. 'Before I went to sleep that night,' the author tells us, 'I found that I had put down on half a sheet of notepaper a list of topics which, in its contents and in their order, was substantially identical with the plan of this book.'¹ Thus the framework of the book has not been changed, but new ideas have now been inserted in it, and these ideas, were all their implications worked out, might demand a book of a very different shape. It is possibly this new disharmony between what the author is trying to say and the form in which he is saying it which accounts for the clear loss of intellectual mastery in the last four volumes. No longer is the main theme expressed precisely, briefly and often elegantly, and broken by digressions which can be read for themselves. Now the theories are elaborated at wearisome length, with endless repetition and with a new note of dogmatism which destroys even the pretence of empiricism; the sentences have lost their structure and their unity, and have become shapeless jungles, in which subordinate clauses writhe in tortuous embraces, the paths are cluttered with parentheses and the ground rocky with technical terms.

Such a change in style must surely be a sign of a change in thought, and so it proves. The book is still a study of civilizations, but the concept of 'civilization' now proves unable to carry the burden of the thought. The disintegration of a civilization, we are told, cannot be explained in terms of itself alone; its relations with others of the species, in space and in time, are of the essence of the story.² But in saying this, are we not repeating the argument by which it was proved, in Volume I, that the nation-state is not an intelligible field of study; and if this argument is valid too of civilizations, does not the whole basis of the theory disappear? Toynbee might reply that this phenomenon of interaction only appears in the phases of decline, and indeed is implied in the very definition of disintegration, which is loss of self-determination. But surely one would find a similar phenomenon even in the phase of growth? Growth, by Toynbee's definition, is progress towards self-determination. This

¹ VII, x.² VIII, 89.

implies that self-determination has not yet been achieved, and that in its progress towards achieving it the civilization is struggling with something other than itself which it is trying, but has not yet succeeded, to bring within its own control. Here too the movement of a civilization cannot be understood without reference to something other than itself, and the basic assumption of the study—that civilizations are separate entities which can be understood in abstraction—falls to the ground.

At the same time as the theory is losing its basis, it is undergoing a vast extension which, if all its implications were worked out, might leave nothing of it standing. In these last volumes the author at last considers the question of the status of his laws, and gives us a Doctrine of Man to underpin his Doctrine of Civilization. In giving us this new doctrine, the author reveals that his mind has undergone in mid-course one of those sudden and violent impacts which are the more dangerous and intense the later they come. There is a moving passage in Volume X in which he talks of his loneliness in 'an adverse Western mental environment in which I did not find any outstanding contemporary good example to follow . . . before Jung's star at last rose above my horizon'.¹ The influence of Jung's *Psychological Types* has been overwhelming (although behind it, unobtrusive but scarcely less important, one can see another influence, that of Bergson's *Two Sources of Morality and Religion*).

It is from the standpoint of Jung that the author now approaches the question of why there is or seems to be a rhythm in history. The forces which impose or seem to impose this rhythm are now to be found within the soul. Beneath the surface of individual will and reason there lies the Psyche, which includes in its depths the Subconscious as well as the conscious, the collective as well as the individual. It is from this dark realm that there emerge those 'psychic principalities and powers', those 'non-personal emanations' which express themselves in the tendency of human groups to act in habitual ways, and to which we give such abstract names as Law and Fortune, Archaism and Futurism, Democracy and Industrialism.² But although the Subconscious is important in human affairs it is not all-important. Every now and then there arises a challenge to which the system of habitual actions which has served mankind until now can offer no response. Then the only way of safety lies through a change of soul;³ and this is only

¹ X, 228.

² X, 230-31.

³ IX, 347.

possible through an act of conscious Thought, by which man shakes himself free from the shackles of the Subconscious, and calls on the help of conscious will and conscious reason to make the response which the new challenge demands. Such a free, conscious and novel exercise of human faculties means a step forward in human development.

Thus the alternation of Yin and Yang, which from the beginning has been the author's final interpretation of historical movement, now acquires a new meaning. Two rhythms of social and individual life appear, analogous to Bergson's two systems of morality. On the one hand is the Subconscious, the realm of Law and Uniformity in history, the basis of the closed habitual life; on the other is Consciousness, the Realm of Freedom, the basis of free and open response to new challenges. But this new distinction contains within it implications which shake the whole basis of Toynbee's thought. We have moved from an alternation of good and evil to an alternation of Conscious and Subconscious; and this change may strike at the root of that thesis about *hybris* which lies at the centre of the whole book. The first volumes taught us that civilizations break down from within, by self-worship and the escape into falsity; but if this is so, then they can avoid the breakdown by avoiding the sin, and if they can they should. But if, as we are now told, civilizations break down because the Subconscious asserts its power, then two questions arise. First, how can we possibly avoid this fate? For according to Toynbee the Subconscious is not only something which lies within each of us, it is something which extends beyond each of us, and is indeed 'the matrix of personalities'.¹ Secondly, even if we could avoid this fate, why should we avoid it? It is self-evident that we should seek virtue and eschew vice; but it is not self-evident that when faced with a challenge we should abandon the rhythm of habit and make an act of freedom. It may be right for us to do, but we must be shown why it is right; and this can only be done by showing us what is the meaning of those challenges which can only be met by reason, and what is the purpose of our responses.

(6)

Who sends the challenge, and to what end? To this, the final question of his work, Toynbee gives a clear answer. It is God who

¹ X, 231.

gives us the challenge, and His purpose in so doing is to evoke a free response which will actualize potentialities in the human soul, and so draw men nearer to their own perfection and to Himself. History is the process by which God's creation moves 'from God its source towards God its goal'.¹ In thus giving us his new version of a theme which passed from Neo-Platonism through Erigena into Christian thought, Toynbee is—as he himself is aware—making a radical change in his whole system of thought. Religion can no longer be regarded as a human response to a social challenge. Its main purpose can no longer be to console the death or help in the birth of civilizations. It plays this role by exception, not universally; and even when it plays it, it does so only incidentally. Religion cannot be explained in terms of civilizations; on the contrary, civilizations themselves exist only in order to produce religions. It is through the struggle with the challenges which societies must face that men become more perfect and more themselves; and it is in the suffering caused by the death of civilizations that men's hearts turn to God.

The implications of this are far-reaching, and destroy the principle from which Toynbee started: that civilizations can be treated as representatives of the same species, each of them 'philosophically' equivalent to all the rest, and that all that is important about them is the generic character which they possess. Now there has emerged something in history more important than the civilizations themselves, something of which civilizations are only the handmaids, and in terms of which they can be classified and judged. They must now be separated out into sub-species, and some of them will be in some sense 'higher' or even 'better' than others. More than that, since a potentiality which has once been actualized cannot return to its former state without leaving some traces behind it, civilizations which come late in time start with some capital left to them from their predecessors, and have at least the chance to rise higher than they. Thus the value-scale and the time-scale of civilizations are connected with one another: a civilization which is later is likely also to be 'more advanced' than one which went before, and History as a whole is moving to some end.

It is possible therefore to discover different classes of civilization, distinguished from one another by their relations to religion and by their temporal relation with one another. First come the

¹ VII, 423-5.

Primary Civilizations, which spring directly from Primitive Societies. They may produce, by way of their internal proletariats, rudimentary higher religions, like the worship of Osiris and Isis in Egypt; but their main function in the divine economy is to produce Secondary Civilizations in one way or another. The essential purpose of Secondary Civilizations is to produce, at their moment of dissolution, Higher Religions; but they may also produce Tertiary Civilizations, emerging from the 'chrysalis' of the Universal Church. Of such Tertiary Civilizations our Western civilization is one; but egocentrism should not make us forget that Tertiary Civilizations are irrelevant to the purpose of History. For not only a particular Civilization, but civilization as a whole, has fulfilled its purpose once the Higher Religions have emerged; from the moment of their birth it is these which carry the burden of History, and they may even constitute or give rise to a new species of Human Society as different from Civilizations as Civilizations are from Primitive Societies. (If we understand aright a distinction which is not clearly made, Primitive Societies are those where habit and the Subconscious rule supreme; in Civilizations, reason struggles against the unconscious, and having freed itself in the Minority imposes itself by Mimesis upon the Majority, in whom however the acts dictated by reason, not being themselves understood, turn into a new rhythm of habit where the Subconscious reasserts its reign; in the Higher Societies all will freely and lovingly apprehend the truth and live in its light. In this new doctrine another basic principle of Toynbee's thought, implicit in the whole work from the beginning, becomes explicit: the belief that the Kingdom of God can, and therefore should, and some day will be built on earth.)

(7)

Can the process of classification and judgement be carried a stage further? Of the Higher Religions which have emerged in the historical process, four stand out: Christianity, Islam, Hinduism and Mahayana Buddhism. In so far as they conflict, or seem to conflict, with each other, is it possible to say which of them represents the highest point man has reached in his return to God, and which if any of them is likely to command the future allegiance of mankind?

To this question Toynbee replies by emphasizing the common elements in all four. All believe in Man's Fellowship with the one True God, in the spiritual meaning of history, in the overcoming of discord, in an effective ideal of conduct, and in the transformation of Mimesis from imitation of a Creative Minority to imitation of God.¹ In so far as they are different, it is a difference of expression, of custom, of 'ways'. Toynbee quotes with approval the words of a Mongol Khan: 'Even as God has given several fingers to the hand, so He has given Man several ways.'² Each way moreover corresponds to one of the basic 'psychological types', and provides for those who belong to that type an adequate path for their approach to God.

Now if this is true, it is clear that any of the four religions which claims to have the whole and exclusive truth is in error and indeed in sin: by so claiming, it will be limiting not only the ways by which man comes to God but those by which God comes to man, and it may easily lead those who believe its claim into acting intolerantly towards those who do not. For Toynbee, to make such a claim is 'sacrilegious . . . chauvinism'.³ It is clear too that those who are most likely to fall into this error are the Christians. While Moslems can believe in the essential truth of Christianity as being one with the essential truth of Islam, and while to Hindus and Buddhists differences of human belief need not be of great importance, Christians are bound by the very nature of their faith to be in some sense exclusive. Since they believe that only Christ was God, and since only He redeemed the world, they cannot admit that religions which deny the Incarnation and the Redemption are the Truth in the sense in which Christianity is the Truth. Thus the main brunt of Toynbee's denunciation of the sin of false exclusiveness is directed against Christianity: and although he still uses mainly Christian terminology, quotes incessantly from the Bible and thinks of himself as being *in some sense* a Christian, there is in these last volumes much emphasis on what he believes to be the error of traditional Christianity.

Two lines of attack converge upon Christianity, the first issuing from what to some will appear an excessive duality in his thought, and the second from an excessive unity. On the one hand, the truths of Christianity have embodied themselves in institutions, but like all institutions the Church has tended to worship itself and to persecute those who do not accept its authority. The 'vanity of

¹ VII, 506.

² X, 238 note.

³ VIII, 627.

the lust for power'¹ has turned the Catholic Church into a 'civilization', and like all civilizations it has fallen victim to its own pride. Now if this were only an attack upon the abuses which have been committed by authorities of the Church at certain times nobody would object to Toynbee's recounting them, and many would agree with him. But he puts his thesis forward as a necessary proposition: institutions *as such* worship themselves. Can we not find here another of those final dichotomies which are scattered all through Toynbee's work: Heart and Head, Gentleness and Violence, and now Idea and Institution? Toynbee believes, it seems, that to embody any Truth is to pervert it.

This however is not his real difficulty with Christianity. His real stumbling-block is something different and less easy to remove. In an imaginary monologue he makes his *advocatus diaboli* say: 'How can the presence of a hypothetically infinite and eternal God be supposed to make itself felt more palpably in Palestine than in Alberta?'² And Toynbee himself adds: 'The words that we have put into [his] mouth were true to fact, and the facts were surprising, because it was also true that this parochialism, of which the higher religions stood convicted in practice, was the antithesis of the revelation which was their common essence.'³ To say that God revealed Himself in one time and place seems to Toynbee so obviously absurd that he who says it must be moved by that 'sacreligious chauvinism' which is the worst of sins.

This is not the place to argue whether Toynbee's doctrine of the Incarnation is the correct one; but one implication of his argument must be pointed out. The assertion that God was incarnate in Palestine in the first century in a sense in which He is not incarnate in Alberta in the twentieth may seem to him to be an expression of pride and to lead necessarily to intolerance; but assuredly it is not only or mainly pride which prompts Christians to make it, but rather the logic of their faith. Surely it can mean nothing to say that God became Man, if we do not mean that He became one particular man; and particular men live only in one place in the world, and only at one time in history. If a man finds it impossible to believe that the Incarnation took place at one point in space and time, then logically he should find it impossible to accept the Incarnation at all; and if he rejects the Incarnation he rejects the whole of Christianity. It is impossible to separate Christianity into a bundle of separate doctrines externally related to each

¹ VII, 535.² VII, 430-1.³ VII, 433.

other, so that if one is rejected the others are unchanged. The whole Christian doctrine of God and Man and Time and History has the Incarnation implicit in it; if you reject the Incarnation you will still be able to have a *certain* doctrine of God and Man and Time and History, but it will not be the Christian doctrine.

Thus if God was not present in Palestine in a sense in which He is not present in Alberta the whole of Christianity is false; yet clearly Toynbee in some sense believes that it is true. How can this be? Here we stumble upon the greatest difficulty of Toynbee's theory, and one in regard to which he elaborates the most startling of his views. The argument he brings against the exclusive claims of Christianity could be brought against any proposition which claims to be true; and it is Truth as traditionally conceived, not just Christianity as traditionally conceived, which is his stumbling-block. If I affirm anything I am necessarily excluding something else; this seems obvious, yet Toynbee apparently cannot accept it. He so longs for peace and harmony, he is so filled with the vision of men as brothers, that he wishes for a Truth which excludes nothing. He cannot have it unless he radically changes our conception of Truth, and this is what he proceeds to do. Talking specifically of 'the conflict between Science and Religion', but in terms more widely relevant, he revives the ancient theory of the 'two Truths'. There are, he suggests, two essential Faculties of Human Reason, two 'modes of experience', two ways of apprehending truth, and, by implication, two uses of language. Discursive Reason gives us scientific truth, and Intuition, issuing from the depths of the Psyche, gives us the Truths of Revelation. 'The Subconscious, not the Intellect, is the organ through which Man lives his spiritual life for good or evil. It is the fount of poetry, Music and the Visual Arts, and the channel through which the Soul is in communion with God when it does not steel itself against God's influence'.¹ Both these faculties give us truth. There is indeed one fundamental Truth in which both truths are founded, but so far man's spiritual vision has not been able to attain to it, and so far therefore the division between Intuitive and Rational Truth remains final. Hence the conflict of Science and Religion; Religion has tried to formulate its truths in terms suitable for formulating Truths of Reason, and the conflict could only be ended if Religion gave up much of its traditional theology and recognized the light cast on it by the new science of psychology. Hence too the

¹ VII, 500.

apparent conflict between different religions; when they try to formulate their doctrines in too rational terms they come into conflict not only with science but with one another.

Here again we shall not raise the question whether Toynbee is wrong, but simply try to make clear what he is saying and what its implications are. He is not merely saying that there are some truths which poets understand more easily than scientists, nor that it is easier to evoke some truths through the rhythm and music of poetry than to express them in plain scientific language; neither of these statements need imply that there is more than one truth. Nor is he simply saying that there is some ineffable experience of God which cannot be put into words at all; for this again would not be to deny that all that can be thought and put into words forms a single system. What he is saying is that there are two systems of thought both of which can be formulated in words and both accepted by the same mind, but which nevertheless contradict one another.

The belief that the conscious human mind is effectively governed by laws of thought is, Toynbee tells us, a 'mental illusion'.¹ If this is so, all rational discourse is at an end. In speaking or writing, I am merely the mouthpiece for whatever happens to come up from the 'intuitive and emotional depths of the Psyche'. Can I be certain—is there even any sense in asking—whether the God to Whom the Psyche leads me is other than the Psyche itself? The whole long journey of the *Study of History* leads us back to ourselves alone: as if, having wandered for ten days in the passages of a vast building, we should find in the end not doors but mirrors casting back at us our own dream-vision of ourselves.

(8)

How does Western civilization appear to Toynbee's new eyes? The image from which he starts is still the same, although the years have made it more vivid. It is an image of Sin, sharpened by the horrors of Nazism in the years since the first volumes were published. The Germans could not have committed their crimes if the same criminality had not been festering below the surface of life in the West. 'In chastened Western eyes, from which the scales had now fallen, the first vision of Reality was a recognition of the

¹ IX, 185.

Western civilization's mortality; but the tardy dawning of enlightenment through suffering did not stop here; and the second vision was a conviction of sin which was a still more shattering spiritual experience than the recognition of mortality.¹

These last volumes contain, however, a more detailed analysis of the Western problem than did the first six, and an analysis which leads, as we shall see, to a new conclusion. For Toynbee the most important feature of modern Western civilization, and the origin of its specific problems, is the development of technology. The new techniques of production and communication make some sort of political unity inevitable; in a disunited world, where the parochial State is the final object of loyalty and even of worship, the alliance of nationalism with modern techniques can produce a terrifying explosive force. Again, modern techniques by their very nature demand regulation and discipline, and have given rise to a world-wide system of 'classes'—a dominant 'white minority', an internal proletariat of Western workers, and an 'external proletariat' in Asia and Africa which is gradually being absorbed into the internal as the Western world explains; but the human spirit craves freedom, and the revolt against the social system may lead to a conflict of classes which could be no less destructive than that of States. Beneath the tensions of society lies a tension in the individual soul. The new techniques presuppose new 'habits' of thought, but the adoption of these habits is resisted by the Psyche, which still clings to old familiar habits like those to which we give the names of 'Nationalism' and 'Industrialism'.

It is inevitable, according to Toynbee, that some sort of political unity will come about; the only question is how it will come about, peacefully or as a result of war in which one Great Power imposes its domination over the world. There are factors in the modern world making for war, and others working on the opposite side. The polarization of world-power between Russia and America, the existence of a shifting and uncertain frontier between them, the growth of nationalism and militarism in countries outside Europe, the transfer of power to the inexperienced hands of Western workers and Asian nationalists—all these factors strengthen the tendency towards war. But on the other side are the decline of militarism in Europe, and that conception of peace as a positive good which the modern West has derived from its Christian past. The best hope lies in a 'pacific partition of the

¹ IX, 431-3.

Oekumene' between the two Great Powers for an indefinite time. Patience is the virtue most needed, for the Subconscious must be given time to adjust itself to make the changes in human habits demanded by the new techniques.

In regard to the tension of classes, too, the question is not whether it will be resolved but how. Here again Western society is faced with two conflicting systems and with the choice between the victory of one of them and some compromise between them. Between the American ideal of 'opportunity for all' and the Russian ideal of 'the classless society' there lies the middle path of British and Scandinavian social democracy, and once more it is the middle path which best meets the needs of the modern age.

If peace between nations should come, if peace between classes should come, technology will be left free to produce its natural results: the abolition of poverty, and the extension of leisure. Psychic energy will be transferred from work to enjoyment, and so a new problem will arise: how should leisure be profitably used? For Toynbee, the only satisfactory use of leisure is Religion; and perhaps it throws some light on his view of Religion, and of the relation between thought and life, that he should regard religion as an occupation for leisured hours.

There are two fundamental kinds of religion, worship of God and worship of Man, and of these the second is the ultimate source of *hybris*, and therefore of all the ills which befall mankind. But of the different modes of worship of God, which should Western civilization in its next phase adopt? Here Toynbee resumes his attack upon Christian orthodoxy. It would, he tells us, be 'intellectually and morally wrong' for Western Man to turn back to traditional Christianity, and he explains why:

'Archaistic religious movements are intellectually indefensible because the antecedent Rationalism that has driven a traditional religious faith off the field does not in reality just come and go . . . a higher religion, after its descent from Heaven, picks up and carries along with it on its territorial journey [a fog of alien matter]. . . . The onset of Rationalism [is] a process . . . of enlightenment. . . . Souls that have once had the experience of intellectual enlightenment can never thereafter find spiritual salvation by committing intellectual suicide.'¹ Again, it would be morally wrong to return to the Christianity of the past because of the 'moral scandal through which the Western Church had forfeited Western man's esteem . . .

¹ IX, 631.

a schism that it had allowed to rankle into the savage Western Wars of Religion'.¹

The future path which Toynbee sketches for us would lead the Church through suffering to purge itself of errors, to free itself from 'the worship of Yahweh'.² and in the process to drop a great part of its traditional theology. It would lead the adherents of each of the four higher religions to try to reconcile the differences between them, and Science and Religion into the 'Common Endeavour' of 'drawing nearer to God by jointly seeking to comprehend God's protean creature the Psyche in its subconscious depths as well as on its conscious surface'.³ Finally, it would leave each human soul free to choose the path which suited it best, not bound to follow the path its ancestors had chosen.

(9)

The vision of a world where all are reconciled is for Toynbee a vision of the Kingdom of God on earth: but to other eyes it may seem no more than a vision of the Kingdom of Man. His criticism of traditional Christianity makes it clear that for him there is something which stands above religions, just as religions stand above Christianity. For when he says that a religion cannot return to what it was before the attacks of Rationalism broke upon it, he treats this as a universally true proposition, without raising the obvious question whether the attacks of Rationalism were justified or not. That there might be a false Rationalism of which the attacks need not trouble religion is nowhere hinted. Either therefore in his view the attacks of Rationalism upon Religion are always justified, or else a later movement of thought is always 'truer' than an earlier. Again, when he says that the Church has 'forfeited Western man's esteem', is he not assuming that Western man, or Man in general, has a right to judge Christianity? Is he not assuming further that he, Toynbee, has a right to speak for Western man, and to say what has or has not forfeited his esteem?

In short, is all this more than the Religion of Man which arose in the nineteenth century, re-stated in new terms, and with Toynbee himself as the prophet? There is indeed about all these last volumes a strange, exalted, excited note, more fitting to prophecy

¹ IX, 635.

² VII, 441.

³ VII, 500.

than to science. The image of the historian as a natural scientist has been replaced by that of the historian as mystic and as prophet. The task of the historian is to rise through knowledge of the past to knowledge of God's work in history:

When the feeling for poetry in the facts of History is thus commuted into awe at the epiphany of God in History, the historian's inspiration is preparing him for an experience that has been described as 'the Beatific Vision' by souls to whom it has been vouchsafed.¹

In his own work the historian may sometimes have a quasi-mystical experience of communion with the past which will raise him out of the bonds of time and start him on his way to the 'Beatific Vision'. Toynbee claims to have had such a direct experience of the past six times, and once to have had an experience stranger still: in Buckingham Palace Road, he

had found himself in communion, not just with this or that episode in History, but with all that had been, and was, and was to come. In that instant he was directly aware of the passage of History gently flowing through him in a mighty current, and of his own life welling like a wave in the flow of this vast tide.²

In this passage we can see clearly how strange are the paths down which Toynbee's adventure has led him.

But is the adventure ended? Must our last sight of Toynbee be that of a prophet claiming to be in communion, not only with all that has been, but also with all that is to come? I find this sight painful to behold, for I have learnt much from his work, find splendid and noble things even in these last volumes, and owe him also much gratitude for kindness at certain points in my life. But when he has been so brave in throwing down his challenge and so frank in working out all its implications no matter where the Logos will lead him, the only fitting response we can make is to tell him what we think of it. Speaking for myself, but perhaps not for myself alone, I do not believe that Toynbee has found the port he was seeking in his long voyage across the seas of history. The last pages still reveal the same strangled anguish as the first. The need to believe of a profound and passionate spirit has not been satisfied—and surely could not be—by the syncretist prayer with

¹ X, 129.

² X, 139.

which the whole work ends, nor by those six experiences of 'communion with the past' which turn out to be six vivid dreams of having been present at certain episodes of war and violence. That there is still some unsatisfied longing in him is shown by the obstinacy with which he still holds to Christian phrases, and by his recounting a dream he once had:

In the summer of A.D. 1936, in a time of physical sickness and spiritual travail, he dreamed, during a spell of sleep in a wakeful night, that he was clasping the foot of the crucifix hanging over the high altar of the Abbey of Ampleforth, and was hearing a voice saying to him: *Amplexus expecta* ('Cling and wait').¹

¹ IX, 634-5.

MIGUEL TORGA

A New Portuguese Poet¹

By DENIS BRASS

TORGA'S birth, in 1907, in Trás-os-Montes, the northerly mountain province of Portugal, in the peasant milieu of São Martinho da Anta da Agarez, is the most important single fact in any assessment of the poet's achievement. He is obsessed by the hardness of the life lived there among rocks, and hidden from both the lowlands and the littoral. São Martinho, he tells us, was his swaddling cloth and will be his winding sheet. This is the thought to which his work will return again and again. The mountains of Trás-os-Montes seen from the south are generally wrapped in mist, but if you are lucky and a bright wisp of sunlight stretches like a pointing finger over the distant serra, then one is reminded of the Sherpa country in the region of Everest. Indeed Torga affirms that if there is a people he understands it is those who spend their existence in scaling the Himalayas of the world and wresting their triumphs in the beard of God. . . .

We are told about his province, his kingdom of wonder, of miracle, in the poet's essay *Um reino maravilhoso*, first read at a Trasmontane congress in 1941, subsequently published in his book on Portugal (1950). Trás-os-Montes is at the very top and summit of Portugal as birds' nests are at the tops of trees to render them more difficult of possession and the more desirable. It is a silent and immobile kingdom of rock raised high above the world, cradling the fertility of the valleys there, symbolizing for him the seed hidden in the earth, the child hidden in the womb. This fact of hard granite with its indomitable nature and its defiance on the heights is a recurring leitmotiv:

Serra!
E qualquer coisa dentro de mim se acalma . . .
Qualquer coisa profunda e dolorida,
Traída
Feita de terra
E alma.

¹ Vide *Farrusco the Blackbird*. Translated from the Portuguese of Miguel Torga. (Allen & Unwin, 1950.)

Uma paz de falcão na sua altura
 A medir as fronteiras:
 Sob a garra dos pés a fraga dura,
 E o bico a picar estrelas verdadeiras.¹

The bird with a firm clutch on earth and its eyes raised in defiance to the heavens is a symbol we shall meet again in Vincent² the raven, and it stands for the poet and his struggle on the lonely heights and outposts of the spirit. Speaking of that great range which dominates his birthplace, Torga notes that the Marão is simply granite, rounded throughout the years, and whole. But upon it, he says, he will swear by all that is eternal within him.

Dr. Paulo Quintela, a fellow Trasmontano, notes the influence of Trás-os-Montes on the poet's way of observing things, and therefore on his style, in his essay *Um Poeta de Trás-os-Montes* (Coimbra, 1941).

In his book on Portugal, inspired as it is with a passionate love of the whole country, he singles out the mountainous regions for his most loving and most successful attention. The Marão divides while the Estrela, where his grandparents were mule-drivers, concentrates. The Minho he dismisses as a covering of '*verdura domestica*' which has overlain the ancient granite of reality. *Senhor Ventura*³ is burdened with a loyalty to granite. *Magdalen*⁴ is bruised and tortured by the intransigent heat of the great rocks on an August day as she struggles over them in child labour. The poet's childhood memories of the hardness of the life imposed on these peasants by their surroundings have also left their mark on his work.⁵

The age-old toughness of the scenery is reflected in the rootedness of the family tradition there. We see how old Antonio in the short play *Terra Firme*⁶ expresses this idea when he says: 'If I thought that what is mine were to come into the hands of strangers, not even the earth itself would be able to hold my bones!' And Torga tells us⁷ that his own father wanted him to remain there at his parents' side in their homeland to build his future as they had

¹ *Didrio*, Vol. II, p. 57 (Coimbra, 1943).

² *Farrusco*.

³ Coimbra, 1943.

⁴ *Farrusco*.

⁵

'Terra, minha aliada
 Na criação!'

Odes (Coimbra, 1946).

⁶ *Teatro: Terra Firme. Mar* (Coimbra, 1941).

⁷ *O Terceiro Dia da Criação do Mundo*, p. 77 (Coimbra, 1938).

built theirs, stone upon stone. And later, when he is abroad his father will write in these terms: 'Leave off verse and like nonsense, son. Better come home and see about getting a job.'¹

Torga's powers of observation derive in part from his peasant's instinct for the detail and movement in life. He tells us of the voluptuousness with which the countryman caresses the soil, a sign of their love and possession. And he praises their intuitive knowledge of the region. Knowing comes by working, by sweating, and he will compare Bach, the artisan, to the worker in the fields. The region gives him also his great recreation—hunting, of which we find profound lyrical descriptions in his short stories, particularly in *Nero*² and in *Travessos*.³ Hunting was always the poet's escape from the pain of reality and, waiting in the grasses or behind rocks, he found a peace of anonymity with nature. The rigour of peasant life and its rhythm of hope and despair give Torga a simile for his own work as writer and poet. In his ode to Bacchus⁴ he has the lines:

Vou erguendo o meu hino
Como levanta a enxada o cavador!⁵

This image is seen again in a recent poem where he celebrates the poet's sowing the harvest of the future against the blackness and despair of the present moment.⁶ And this imagery is extended to include what is for him the opposite pole of attraction—the sea. He asks us to compare the man of the soil with the sailor and the poet. Just as the sailor tills the sea (an image moreover of the Portuguese discoverer—fundamental for his idealism) against an unknown and uncertain future, so the labourer, crouched over his spade, also pledges his work and his faith to the future without knowing if the ground is stony or even if it will yield itself to his seed. The poet too is ignorant of the verdict of posterity. All three

¹ Ibid., p. 44.

² *Farrusco*.

³ *Novos Contos da Montanha* (Coimbra, 1952).

⁴ *Odes*.

⁵ 'I lift my voice as the labourer his spade.'

⁶ *Canção do Semeador*:

Mas todo o semeador
Semeia contra o presente.
Semeia como vidente
A seara do futuro,
Sem saber se o chão é duro
E lhe recebe a semente.

Nihil Sibi (Coimbra, 1948).

are buoyed by the virtues of Hope and Faith. This imagery is revealed again in the story of the *Cicada*,¹ the lonely insect investing the calvary of its life and development in a brief song that must end with the cold winds of October. Trás-os-Montes breaks and bruises the men who work there, just as the sea buffeted and bruised the caravels that sallied forth into the unknown off the west coast of Portugal in the fifteenth century. Torga stands between these two poles of attraction, the sea and the land, like his own pine tree² that grows on the cliff-side scourged pitilessly by the wind, and continually betrayed by the sea which uncovers its roots. But in the face of this daily dying the pine tree is a constant fruitfulness in cones. Creation must continue undismayed by circumstance. It is a situation that the pine growing in the shelter of the valley and unconscious of the agony of its exposed and suffering brother cannot understand. The poet emphasizes his position again in another poem³ when he says that he will be found at the hour of death in the no man's land betwixt sea and shore. Let them come for him to the dunes . . . 'it is the same whether foam or foliage claim me'.

Torga is, then, a man of the hardness of the mountains and of the vastness and cruelty of the sea. His is the vision that offers when one stands on the Serra de Boa Viagem or on the heights overlooking Nazaré. One is hardly aware of a hinterland and imagines that the waters washing below may perhaps have begun their long journey from the new world. The sea and her folk, the sailors and the fishermen who set out to reap their various harvests, earn a particular tenderness from the poet. He will watch his domestic river Mondego as it flows past his window and imagine himself a sailor bringing down wood from Penacova. In his ode to the sea he speaks of the colour of heaven and of innocence, but also of her cruelty which made her the sepulchre of a dream.⁴ Torga is

¹ *Farrusco*.

² *Diário*, Vol. II, p. 134.

³ *Quando Chegar a Hora*:

Quando chegar a hora decisiva,
Procurem-me nas dunas, dividido
Entre o mar e a terra,
Marujo e cavador, tanto me quer a espuma
Como a folhagem.

Cântico do Homem (Coimbra, 1930).

O navio do sonho foi ao fundo,
E o capitão, despido, jaz ao leme,
Branco nos ossos descarnados.

Odes.

appalled before the scourges of nature and he describes his terror as he watched a storm at sea. He feels the great historic tragedy of the sea which claimed so many of his country's sons at the time of the discoveries, a tragedy lamented also by a kindred spirit, Miguel de Unamuno, who wrote: 'The sea is the graveyard of this fateful country of Vasco da Gama. Beneath her waves rest the bones of the great navigators . . . in this vast cemetery the glory of Portugal is sleeping.'¹ The sea represents also the forces of opposition which the poet must combat and the waves are rebellious but helpless against the tenacity of a ship on its course.

Torga yielded early to this pull of the sea with all the imagination and adventure of a boy of twelve when he set out for Brazil on the deck of an English ship. From that moment his life has been a pilgrimage. One part of him is restless and at odds with the idea of rootedness. And so his *diários*, which now run into six volumes, are written from almost every village and region of Portugal. Much in them is written from Spain, and his Brazilian experience fills a part of his autobiography.² A phenomenal power of determination was demanded of him, for we know that Trasmontanos only leave their native soil to make money or if they have a murder to hide.³ His restlessness and his eagerness to know the far countries of the globe may be seen in the story of *Senhor Ventura*, a Lusitanian Don Quixote in miniature, who keeps the love of the Alentejo in his breast throughout his wanderings and adventures in the East. This theme of the pilgrim, the wanderer, the prodigal who may or may not return, is found set off most powerfully in Torga's two plays *Terra Firme* and *Mar*.⁴ The prodigal son is away from his country and is expected to return but never does, and we witness the gradual sinking into age and death of the waiting women. Similarly in the drama of the sea we are made aware of the agony of the waiting women folk for the fishers. The titles of these plays remind us forcibly of the two poles of attraction noted above. In all this we must remember Torga's own absence in Brazil and the symbolism of the discoverers who never returned. *Maria Lionça*, one of the collection of short stories which treat of the life in Trás-os-Montes,⁵ describes the brave old woman of the

¹ *Las ánimas del purgatorio en Portugal*, Unamuno.

² *A Criação do Mundo: os dois primeiros dias* (Coimbra, 1937).

³ *A Criação do Mundo: os dois primeiros dias*.

⁴ *Terra Firme. Mar* (Coimbra, 1941).

⁵ *Contos da Montanha* (Rio de Janeiro, 1955).

region, deserted by her husband and later by her son, making her first journey by train to the seaport to receive the dead body of her wastrel son—again an image of the mother country receiving to her arms the prodigal. In another story from the same collection¹ two prototypes of the man with roots and the prodigal confront us: the parish priest and the parishioner, where, ironically, each bears the role of the other. The parish priest, who should have no home and no place to lay his head like his master, Christ, is rooted to the soil and its dependants while the parishioner, who should be held to his family and their holding, takes every opportunity to escape overseas.

Torga's desire to know the world beyond his hearth is defended in a passage which is one of the kernels of his thought. 'I am,' he says, 'a kind of smuggler between two worlds—Agarez and the rest. A rest that, however much I may wish to ignore it, is also a part of me.'² And so the poet determined to get to know thoroughly the rest of the Iberian Peninsula, the other regions of his own land, and Spain. He will step away from the pull of the sea and look towards the hinterland, and we may apply to him the words with which he salutes Magellan in the Iberian poems.³ Magellan belonged to the whole Peninsula and Torga asks: 'What is it to have a destiny? It is to cross frontiers one by one and, in the end, to die without any . . .'

There are many references to his consciousness of being a peninsular man scattered throughout his works. He tells us that he prefers the nightmare, the poverty and the aggressiveness of his side of the Pyrenees and we learn of the peninsular mood that is laid upon him by reason of his birth.⁴ The eve of his descent into Spain was a great moment. He saw in his imagination all the great ones of the Peninsula there for the knowing. 'There they all were, behind those ginesta bushes, Cervantes, St. Theresa, Torquemada . . .'⁵ It is, however, in his preface to the Spanish translation of his animal stories that we find his mightiest and most uncompromising statement of faith in the greatness of the Peninsula and in her historic destiny: 'Son of western Iberia, Spain was always a point of honour with me. My territorial rights end at Barca da Alva: but my real, telluric country terminates at the Pyrenees'—

¹ *The Two from Vilharinho.*

² *O Quarto Dia da Criação do Mundo*, p. 113.

³ *Alguns Poemas Ibéricos* (Coimbra, 1952).

⁴ *O Quarto Dia da Criação do Mundo*, p. 84.

⁵ *O Terceiro Dia da Criação do Mundo*, p. 140.

that great range (as he says elsewhere) which saves his Don Quixote from the temptations of the Folies Bergères. 'In my breast there is the anguish of desire which needs the aridity of Castile, the tenacity of the Basque country, the perfumes of the Levant and the moonlight of Andalusia. I am, by the grace of life, peninsular. I am consumed in the fire of this faith which devours us, I am exalted by the boundless ambitions of our great ones that have gone before us, and I lose myself ever more deeply in the invincible armada of their fantasy.'¹

This love of Iberia finds its sublimest expression in his recent *Alguns Poemas Ibéricos*. And with the rhetoric of genius Torga brings us again face to face with the two poles of attraction, this time treated historically: the *História trágico-telúrica* and the *História trágico-marítima*. The opening poem *Ibéria* is one of the greatest in the language and it tells us of a plot of earth swelling in anxiety to know whether the sea is deep enough to let one pass through it to the new world to be discovered. Iberia is an antenna of Europe listening to the voice from afar that wishes to speak to her. She is a land of bread and wine and of naked soil. In her the old world and the new have their home. Portugal and Spain and the winged ecstasy of their people. The poet asks: What instinct carried the first settlers to this arid spot? What sign or caress came to the queen bee from this parched earth to cause her to alight there on wings of illusion? Perhaps it was only there that her maternal instinct warned her that she could embark her swarm in the sails of the ships of another illusion that time would bring. Torga then passes in review the great ones of Iberia. *Seneca* was the ancestor of the poets and mystics and conscious of the intellectual destiny of his posterity. Mother Iberia taught him to suffer and he went to Rome to open his veins, thus symbolizing the Spanish fate that spends the blood of her sons. The *Cid* was the first Quixote hailing the bright morning of Spain. *Ines de Castro* is a Castilian Juliet to her Portuguese Romeo. While *Nun' Alvares* is the symbol of independence, *Albuquerque* is the failure of the individual in the face of greater power. *Henry the Navigator*, who was a man of rock, was faithful to the law of the sea and the discoveries and he was called by Mother Iberia in vain to the other pole of attraction—the land. *St. Theresa of Avila* evokes a mysticism of earth and *Dom Sebastião* sought his Dulcinea in vain upon the sands of Africa. *Camões* is the tall cedar that rears above the small Portuguese

¹ *Bichos* (Coimbra, 1940).

cluster of poets and writers and *Philip II*, who struggled for another terrestrial empire, that of the Counter Reformation, neglected the true destiny of Iberia. *Cervantes* and his dream of innocence and *Goya* who peopled solitude; *Lorca*, the rose of Granada; *Picasso*, who gave back the simple virginal forms to things, and finally *Unamuno*, whose passionate and dishevelled love for Iberia was like that of a new Othello and whose message has soared to the ends of the earth. The next division of the volume tells us of the land of Iberia, a surface crust of ancient rock covering the bad soil like a waving cape of misery covering sores. The destiny of every region is conditioned by the nature of the soil which offers itself to be worked. We are led on to a consideration of the life lived by the men there, how they dig and sow like men possessed and return at night with few fruits and lean harvests. They mine and burrow under whole mountainsides on the track of a drop of water, and encounter only rocks and anguish. They crush out wine with their tears and knead bread with their melancholy and they cover themselves with a cape that has been spun from the white snow. And the spices symbolize the illusion that waved invitingly from the East. Finally we are led in the *História trágico-marítima* to the altar-stone of the Portuguese discoveries—*Sagres*. The sea that washes there comes from afar, from the very confines of fear. These lines suggest in a masterly way all the fear and the faith of the men at their charts and in the ships. Softly and clothed in blue, does this sea whisper its secret in the ears of them all. The sharp profile of the old world listened to that message from God. The whole Portuguese coast-line was, and is, torn open down the whole of its left flank, and exposed, radar-like, to the mysteries of the unknown. Torga anoints this wound, healing it and making it sacred with his verse. The whole coast was a presentiment of that message from afar, a presentiment concentrated in the rock of *Sagres*. *Sagres* then hallowed the great discoveries and the departure for the great adventure was organized in secret—for fear of the rest of the world. And there, afar off, was the new world waiting to consummate the union. Pain and pine built the ships. The needle trembled but the men had to be firm. And Iberia, the widowed mother country, bid farewell to her sons with a hand pointing out to sea. The lines of the return are beautifully woven in with the Portuguese folk ballad of the *Nau Catrineta*, where the vigil of the waiting mother is rewarded at last with the caravel making land. What, asks the poet, did they bring home with them? New land?

Yes, a new vision, the cross of colonial possessions, the responsibility of extended government and—the wine of the gods—the attraction of the abyss—the thirst to return, the desire to go back to the promised land. The gamble on which these discoverers staked their all. First they won. Then they won again. And then they lost everything. And Torga describes the storm at sea that finally overtakes the great dream, where even the masts take on human form and are in agony writhing before the onslaughts of the wind. The cross of Christ is on the sails, lashed there, and He sweats blood in a powerless agony. The fury of the typhoon wiped the deck clean of all chimera and illusion and the great mast of Leiria riven by a thunderbolt split into two. All went down, the look-out gazing out defiantly over the waters until the last. In the mists one could espy the dead body of a son of a princely house with his sword drawn, commanding even the dead to buoy up the great illusion that it might not sink with them. And finally the poet's words of reproach to the sea, the cruel sea . . . with its monotonous voice like the sobs of the abandoned mothers of Iberia, 'the sea whom we came to woo and who betrayed us'. *Poemas Ibéricos* ends with an epitaph entitled the Nightmare of Don Quixote. The knight calls upon Sancho, representing the people of Iberia, to awaken and listen to Dulcinea (Iberia herself). Let us, continues Don Quixote, distinguish between the windmills of our dreams and the windmills of reality. Let us cease dreaming about the immortal glories of the discoveries, great though they were, and rather concentrate on the present, on our historical moment. This idea of making the actual moment fruitful is mirrored also in the essay on Lisbon¹ where Torga refers to the monuments at the mouth of the Tagus as petrified ghosts that looked down on something that never returned.

Torga's never-to-be-slaked thirst for the rest of the Peninsula reaches out for those parts of it which knew another law than that of the sea and the mountains of his homeland, the law of Classical, Christian and Arab civilization. He recognizes a pilgrimage, as it were, in his own peninsular blood. This whole ferment issues in the poetry which escapes him when in the Portuguese town of Evora in the Alentejo. All that we have of Latin, Arab and Christian will, he says, be found as sign-posts within the walls of this city. And the idea breaks forth in his poem to Evora:

¹ *Portugal* (Coimbra, 1950).

Evora que não és minha
 E que eu gostava de ter:
 Moira cativa e rainha
 Que não pude converter!

Não tenho nas minhas veias
 Nem o templo de Diana
 Nem a praça de Giraldo,
 Nem a brancura redonda
 Da água das tuas fontes . . .

Tenho montes
 Vinho maduro e granito,
 E esta certeza de ser
 Filho de Cristo e de Judas.

Ah! Se eu pudesse mudar.
 Já que tu, moira, não mudas!¹

The mention of Christ and Judas brings us to the problem that is cardinal to Torga's work as a good peninsular—the problem of religion, of God. The whole of the poet's work, whether verse or prose, is coloured by this problem and the desire for its solution. Torga oscillates between the pole of despair² with the blasphemy of Job or the treachery of Judas on the one hand, and the optimism of hope in mankind and creation on the other. Despair issues in defiance as we may see in the poem *Moises*³ inspired by the sculpture of Michelangelo, and in the short story *Vicente*. A note of despair runs like a thread through the whole of the fifth volume of the *diários*, where the poet is alarmed at the turn history has taken and at the unbridled inventive power of man which inspires fear for the future. He cannot, in spite of himself, escape the religious destiny of the Iberian peoples. For, to quote Antero de Quental, with whom Torga has much in common, 'The peninsular peoples are by nature religious; they are so even to an ardent and exclusive degree and it is this that is one of their most pronounced characteristics. But, at the same time, they are inventive and independent: they adore with passion, but only what they have themselves created, not what has been imposed upon them. They make

¹ Not mine, O Evora! Yet I would thou wert, O faithful and captive Moorish Queen! In me there is nothing of Diana's temple, of the Geraldo Square, nor of the rounded whiteness of thy fountains. I have only mountains. Granite and the ripened vine. And this conviction of being son to Christ and Judas. Ah, my Moorish Queen, if I could only change, seeing that thou canst not!

² *O Quarto Dia*, p. 42.

³ *Diário*, Vol. I, p. 57.

their religion, they do not accept it ready-made.' Antero notes in this connexion the devotion of the people to the local saints because they have, as it were, created them. It is this devotion that we meet repeatedly in Torga's short stories and he notes it with emphasis when he has just crossed the Pyrenees on his European journey.¹ Torga is also unconsciously obsessed by the tragedy of the person of Christ, the suffering Christ. From Taormina, he writes that the light of Greece is not for him:

Pobre latino, ja cristão perdido
Para os deuses pagãos, homem vencido
Pelo arrocho da cruz,
Não tenho olhos, nem serenidade,
Para olhar a verdade
Desta luz.²

Torga sees in Christ the image of the poet suffering and triumphing in failure in the teeth of Philistine incomprehension. Laranjeira's words to Antonio Carneiro express the idea exactly.³ And Unamuno's essay *El Cristo español* has words that spring to mind when reading Torga's story of *Miura* the bull.⁴

The protest of despair arose early in the poet's work. In *Rampa*⁵ we meet the man who will not submit, and who, excluded from the ark, makes contact with the earth which will be his tomb. The bitterness and rancour of the hand-to-hand duel between God and man appears at its wildest in *O otro livro de Job*,⁶ which also deals with his adolescent problem of the two women, the one of temporary necessity and reality, the prostitute, and his ideal Dulcinea. He laments his misfortune in having achieved birth and

¹ 'The Pyrenees were now covered with an immaculate stretch of white and at the foot was the new-rich Lady of Lourdes in all her pomp, looking down her nose at the little white badly-dressed Madonna stuck away in a corner of the Marão with a license to work miracles only for the folk round Agarez.'—*O Quarto Dia*, p. 19.

² Poor Latin Christian man,
I am lost to the gods of Antiquity.
Burdened with the Cross,
I have neither the vision nor the serenity
For the truth of this other light.—*Diário*, Vol. V, p. 140.

³ 'É belo sobretudo porque nos diz o que o Homem, quando o acusam do crime de ideal, faz diante das maiorias que o não compreendem e condenam.—Manuel Laranjeira, *Letter to António Carneiro*, 21 May 1906.

⁴ 'El próprio toro es también una especie de Cristo irracional, una víctima propiciatoria cuya sangre nos lava de no pocos pecados de barbarie.—*El Cristo Español*, Unamuno.

⁵ Coimbra, 1930.

⁶ Coimbra, 1936.

of having roots in the soil. His great despair comes of being unable to know how to do good, and of being able to do evil where he does not wish. Death is no consolation, for Mary still weeps for her Son on the altars of the world. Heaven is but a salve on the hurts of life. But, as a poet he will struggle through. He will believe in life, in bread and wine, and he invites all those who would know the poet, to knock like Moses at the solid rock of his solitude. With faith let them open, bids the poet, and I shall, he says, be the taste and savour of my own banquet. He confesses the contradictions in his own being, loving heaven and hell at the same time. He is ready for the exile which life seems to have in store for him. This despair breaks surface again in his poem *Lamentação*,¹ which traces the sad history of man who has fouled his nest and destroyed his innocence, and who will end as the ironic king of creation in a realm of a Golgotha of whitened bones which point in no known direction. In spite of the burden of despair, Torga never loses hope. This optimism peeps through constantly although perhaps more often in his later work.² Talking about the sea he says, even with some impatience, that there must be some salvation in all this sea of shipwrecks. Distracted by the mournful litanies of the weary willies of this world, we have forgotten to watch for the fair signs on the horizon where there is always an island waiting for us where the seed of hope may be sown. Despair meets its challenge in two recent volumes of poetry: *Libertação* and *O Cântico do Homem*.³ Despair is a crime as of a river that refuses to run. It is the cowardice of the crew of a ship. Life stirs us by showing us that the harvest of cut grapes leaves behind the vine to dream another adventure. The sweetness that lies dormant in the bark will blossom again even sweeter and younger. And *Hosanna* is a jubilant song to the future. Torga's optimism is, one feels, a community thing. He is ever mindful of his duty to his brothers, and he is conscious of a mission, inspired in him by his daily service as a doctor. He says in his diary that it is good to be a doctor and a poet, for the young ask him for help because he writes, and the old because he cures.

In Torga the poet and the doctor are locked in an apparent

¹ Coimbra, 1943.

² Escrevi uma *Lamentação* quando eu queria escrever uma *Libertação*. Mas na alma dum poeta nunca se apaga de todo a luz duma esperança. A onda de sangue não foi capaz de submergir em mim uma sede continua de amor universal. . . .—*Diário*, Vol. III, p. 72.

³ *Libertação* (Coimbra, 1944); *Cântico do Homem* (Coimbra, 1950).

antinomy. They represent dream and reality. He is always aware of this. Approaching the cathedral of Burgos, the poet is lost in the contemplation of the towers as they searched for heaven. His companions on the bus were enthusiastic because they had seen a petrol pump and could tank up! In the forest of Leiria he muses upon Fernando Pessoa's description of the tall pines as 'Os trigos de Imperio'. But, asks Torga, are they not wounded trees dribbling their life-blood into a tiny cup? And the sea? What is the hard reality a little further up the coast but that of fishermen crouched over their nets and winning their livelihood from the sea in the face of the hardships of nature? He imagines Henry the dreamer still perched on his rock at Sagres watching the reality of the ships of other nations passing along the sea-roads which the Portuguese had pioneered. All we had left, he says, were bones, laments, and the small phosphorous lights from the cemetery. This difficulty of reconciling dream and reality is noted not only in his profession and in his mission as a poet but in the tiniest details of life. He looks out of his surgery window and sees the local train bound for Lousã interrupting a procession. But it has a time-table to keep, the others haven't!

In his odes Torga recites the burden of the poetic vocation and the suffering that is inseparable from it.¹ In *Nihil Sibi*,² which contains the essence of his ideas on the poet and his mission, he celebrates the poet as mage and visionary. The poet as a youth is likened to a Quixote with ever new lances for new illusions and vain leaps over the abyss of madness and lyricism.

One of Torga's greatest gifts, and one that appears at its most excellent in his short stories, is his power of observation and analysis, assisted doubtless by his daily experience in the consulting-room. He insists on a frank and virginal approach to the phenomena of life, one that is devoid of all parti-pris and prejudice and that is free of all peering and prurience. He has almost a suspicion of the new gadgets which his profession has taught him to use. He records his horror of old age and death, which can now be measured in the speed with which they advance upon us from within. Death is no longer an attack from without. Now one can analyse one's blood and examine radiographs. The last intimacy has been destroyed. Soon we shall be transparent, and, like watches, be guaranteed to go for so long. Our probable date of

¹ *A Poesia* (Coimbra, 1946).

² Coimbra, 1948.

decease will be marked on our passports! One must, however, preserve the innocence of manner in the contemplation of nature. Without 'brancura' vision is distorted. The poet may look at reality like Adam, but he may not touch it. If he loses respect for the express order not to peer at the subjective life of reality, then he will be cast out inexorably from the paradise of beauty.

Torga's lyrical power, which is controlled by the form of his verse, bursts splendidly into the exuberance of his prose. Most of his short stories are great and arresting, chiefly by reason of his power to invest the moment and its circumstance with this lyricism. We may note particularly his power of evoking nature and its mood. He suggests the magic of a peninsular night with peculiar felicity. Night becomes brilliant; it reveals rather than hides. One is reminded of Lorca's use of the mood of night in *Bernarda Alba*. Torga tells us that all he took with him from his journey to the North of Europe was 'a sort of frozen moonlight which is of no use to my hot peninsular night'.¹ In another passage we read:² 'Still more welcoming than the day, night erases all contradictions. And, covered by a mantle of stars in festive display, the human soul instead of sleeping as usual, dreams.' In *Vindímia*,³ his novel of the Douro and the traditional wine-harvesting season, one can smell the hot ferment of the grapes and the reek of primary human emotions released in the close atmosphere of the working community. Torga's gift of narrative is quite unique in Portuguese literature and the power of the stories is helped by a style that is equally unique. He has what Cyril Connolly calls 'uncontaminated vision'. He is master of the short terse sentence. A whole attitude or reaction to a dramatic situation may be summed up in one word—perhaps in a regionalism or an exclamation which has been invested with universality. The words roll like lava or like yeast, burning or fermenting the tiniest detail that they touch.

In his descriptions of the Portuguese scene, the magic of his prose has produced some of its loveliest passages. He will search out the beauties of his homeland with all the patience that he brings to the examination of a radiograph. Hence many of his anti-Portuguese outbursts which may surprise when one reads through his diaries for the first time. They are, however, but the witness to the great passion that underlies all his words—the

¹ *Diário*, Vol. I, p. 65.

² *Portugal: O Algarve*, p. 128.

³ Coimbra, 1954.

passion for the smallest plot of the land that bore him. They are expressions of the impatience of the lover for the imperfections of the beloved. One passage from among many shows his grasp of lyrical detail: 'And withal, Coimbra is a beautiful city, full of national significance, elegant, well-proportioned and striking to the eye. She is favourably situated between Lisbon and Oporto, the first maritime and centrifugal, the second telluric and centripetal. Her vigilant neutrality effects an osmosis of the spirit which sallies forth in duty bound in quest of all possible adventure, and the body which remains with unchanging roots in its native soil.

But it has been more by geographical than by social factors that Coimbra's destiny has been forged. A region of green fields against a soft line of hills and watered by a river that is smooth and level and a stranger to torrents, Coimbra had of necessity to become the spiritual and university centre of our small country. Our spirit too is made up of gentle contours, fresh landscapes and is nourished by the sweet waters of love and reconciliation. No other region shows so completely in her architectonic poverty, in her grace as a picturesque patchwork, in her secret and unswept nooks, the limits of our creative power, our solitude of soul, and the countryman's skill with which we are born to conjure the effects of landscape from the very gesture of planting and raising a vine.¹

Torga, as poet, humanist and doctor, is at every moment pre-occupied with the future, a future which he hopes will reap the positive work and agony invested in the present. A writer, he asserts, must lay every stone with the probity and with the hope of one who has to confront the erosion of centuries. His ear should be more attentive to the silences of the future than to the rewards of the present. In this he gives his faith as a true descendant of the discoverers of the fifteenth century. And this essay can end fitly with the poet's profession of faith, and the re-affirmation of his service to Truth, the ideal which has been the unshakeable constant in his life and work: 'I do not pray. But if I did, it would be this: Lord, give me the power to continue with the courage of absolute frankness. May no word remain hidden within me through cowardice. May my pen be guided by my heart in the plotting of its tiniest pulsation, and may my books be my portraits free of all re-touching, faithful and terrible like Truth herself.'²

¹ *Portugal*, p. 80.

² *Didrio*, Vol. V, p. 95.

GOD'S RESTING PLACE

By EDWARD QUINN

THE highest definition of the Church that can be given is that she is God's resting place among His creatures.' But God does not rest and His presence in any special sense in the world means that He is elevating and transforming the creature at that point and producing more striking signs of a presence that is everywhere real and activating the slightest movement even of the most fragile things. The Church is the noblest and most striking manifestation of His constant presence. To this great theme, set in its proper background, illuminated and supported by the resources of a fine mind and patient spirit reflecting on the theological data, the recently translated work of Monsignor Journet is devoted.¹

There are to be four volumes altogether, dealing with the Church from the aspects of each of the four Aristotelian causes.² Two have been published in French and the first of these, with additional matter, appears now in English. The translator has accomplished his immense task with quite remarkable success. The language is theologically precise, never descending to mere jargon and the style always readable and often as attractive as if the book had originally been written in English.

The efficient cause of the Church is God. He established her in history through the instrumentality of the human nature of Christ, and Christ appointed in the Apostles and their successors instruments subordinated to Himself to continue the work of the Church through time. It is not merely a question of succession. Even men at present wholly subject to temporal conditions are working for eternity, building up and forming the Church as well as carrying out her mission to souls. And the present existence of the Church, her extension and activity, are all wholly dependent at every moment on divine efficiency still working through its chosen and

¹ Charles Journet, *The Church of the Word Incarnate*, vol. i, *The Apostolic Hierarchy*, translated by A. H. C. Downes. (Sheed & Ward. 45s.) The quotation is from p. 515.

² An apparently rigid and forbidding design which, fortunately, does not detract from the grace and facility with which the details are filled in.

conjoined instrument, the humanity of Christ. As in all else that we can properly name in God, this causality bears to created causality only that degree of resemblance which prevents us from using the title falsely. We are in the realm of analogy and it is not surprising that we are confronted with so large a volume devoted to the elucidation of so many delicate and difficult problems. Even then, the greater part of it is concerned with the wholly human instruments—but with these instruments in their activity of conveying and safeguarding supernatural grace.

This supernatural character of the Church, even in the midst of her most easily visible operations, cannot be too strongly emphasized:

Since the Church has no other end than eternal life and union with the divine Persons, we have refused to distinguish in her first, a *specific* element by reason of which she is supernatural and possesses the powers of order and magisterium, and then a *generic* element by reason of which she is social and visible, possessing like other societies the power of legislating, judging and punishing. The Church is, at once and through and through, both supernatural and visible: first by reason of the power of order and the declaratory power, next by reason of her canonical power which contains the legislative, judicial and coercive powers within itself. Her resemblance to political societies is analogical only, not univocal. Hence the resemblance of her canonical power to the political power is also only analogical; and that of her legislative, judiciary, and coercive powers to the legislative, judiciary, and coercive powers of the State, is merely analogical likewise (p. 194).

Herein lies the real scandal of the Church. A human society, men could accept, for they could do so on their own terms; a human society with aspirations towards heaven¹—divine in its end but not in its origin—would also be acceptable. Immoral popes, avaricious clergy and unworthy religious are a source of scandal to the faithful rather than to others, for they see how these distinguished failures have rendered the Church's progress far less smooth than it might have been² and occasioned divine intervention to main-

¹ Does the Church of England, in the last resort, pretend to be more than this?

² Mgr. Journet explains the Church's persistent attachment to the mediaeval system, 'the consecrational temporal order', in the light of this weakness of her members: 'We may venture to think that she would have defended it less energetically—that she would have abandoned it spontaneously, even boldly—if she had found a more enlightened faith and a higher sanctity in more of her children, and if, in consequence, she had felt it possible to pass to a secular Christian order without any tragic break' (p. 241).

tain the Church in the beauty which they had been given the power to form.¹

The glory within, the splendour of the Church as she exists in God's design and as she therefore will be at the end of time, this is readily admitted. It is the existence of this supernatural reality *in* time that is implicitly denied. Not the Roman Church alone is rejected, but the very possibility of a visible Church constantly living by the efficiency of God and the instrumentality of men. The Church of Pius XII in this respect presents the same difficulties as that of Alexander VI. 'Apartheid' is not the real crime, but the claim that God really is with us and has found a resting place on earth. For if that claim be justified what have men to do but go apart and seek their true rest? All the discussions about South India, the denunciations of Anglo-Catholics who uphold the papacy in word and cannot bring themselves to submit to it in deed, reveal a state of mind which is not far removed from the old Protestant conception of a Church of the predestined. Since we can do little about that community, we must be content—they think—to adapt the Church on earth by wholly human arrangements to the current needs of humanity. Let those who like bishops have them, while those who enjoy ministering to their fellow-men continue to do so without the somewhat doubtful benefit of orders.²

Some quite outstanding work on the inner nature of the Church has been produced by Anglican writers, but, if they do not altogether fail to see that this aspect cannot be separated from the question of her visible structure, they sometimes frankly admit that her unity is broken and that human weakness has struck so deeply that only a miracle can restore her to a normal life.³ Others

¹ 'God does not construct the sequence of events by His own sole activity: He constructs it with the concurrence of human liberty, to which He leaves innumerable initiatives. In the case of evil He even leaves it the *first* initiative, reserving however the second, which by ways often impenetrable reduces this evil to some higher good' (p. 491). If the loss of souls is always due to grave personal faults, the power of mediation left to the Church is so great as to justify the grief of the saints and their strangest attempts at reparation: 'Given that the body of the faithful as a whole, in so far as it puts the gifts it has received into act, is the cause of the life and radiance of the Church, every Catholic conscious of the mission which has lain upon him since Baptism and Confirmation, might well feel the like anguish (as the Curé of Ars). St. Catherine of Siena, lamb without spot, broken by unheard-of penances, accused herself with tears, while she lay dying, of all the disorders which then disfigured Christendom' (pp. 19–20).

² In a B.B.C. discussion on episcopacy an Anglican bishop urged Nonconformists to try it, to see how it would work. By rejecting the institution as—in his opinion—strange to the New Testament the Nonconformist speaker was nearer to the true conception of the Church as supernatural.

³ Thus L. S. Thornton can write of the 'ambiguity', of the scandal in Christendom, which 'penetrates to the centre, to the heart of the sanctuary'. *Revelation and the Modern World* (London, 1950), p. 102.

complain of the legalism of the Roman Church, stifling the free activities of the spirit and obscuring the character of the grace-endowed community.

All this springs from the same source, the refusal to accept 'the astonishing mystery of which Christianity consists: God's will to envelop divine things in weakness, and to enclose infinite things in space and time. . . . The Incarnation, the Eucharist, the primacy of Peter—these are the ordered manifestations, and as it were the successive levels, of one and the same revelation. There is a wisdom of the world that turns away from it at once. But there is also a wisdom that begins by being Christian, which begins to believe in the Incarnation, and then soon, when faced with the mystery of the Eucharist, or the mystery of the primacy of Peter, becomes disconcerted and goes no farther. It seems to forget that God is God, that He passes through matter without being diminished, rather turning it to His purposes and transfiguring it. When it comes face to face with integral and authentic Christianity it is quite ready to abuse it as materialism and paganism' (pp. 408-9).

'The mystery of the primacy of Peter,' that was well said and it needed saying. Apologists less serene in their approach than Monsignor Journet occasionally forget that the wonder shown by the first hearers of Jesus because God 'had given such power to men' might well be theirs also in the presence of that power as it remains in His Vicar. And there are many Catholics who, if they cannot be accused of materialism and paganism, yet fail to appreciate the profound mystery of the Church: 'integral and authentic Christianity' for them means simply being in the right as against other religions, which are wrong; they are scarcely aware that their ready acceptance of the Church's commandments and gifts is already a beginning of glory.

The Church is not, properly speaking, on the march to eternity: by that which is noblest in her she *is* eternal and her activity in time is governed by a holy impatience to extend her blessings until all temporal restrictions cease to exist and she is one with the total community of the redeemed. Then, 'the law of duality will be dissipated in the splendour of the heavenly City, and the final kingdom, fully delivered, will absorb into itself the new heaven and the new earth, and all that is other than hell' (p. 214). It is this insistent progress, this terrible calling, the *pressure* so to speak of the supernatural, from which human nature shrinks. It was more even than some of the angels could bear: in a single fatal

choice they rejected the burden;¹ we hesitate longer, even change our decisions, and for the most part cling but tenuously to the grace offered to exalt us to the level of our vocation.²

God resting in the world means God conquering the world. But He has chosen men to be the instruments of His conquest. At every point they are bringing the riches of His grace and the dispositions of His providence to bear upon human affairs: enlightening and governing the faithful, bringing the uncovenanted graces into the more familiar scheme by converting unbelievers, handling with the State to secure conditions favourable to the salvation of all. For the most part, He is content to accept the co-operation of imperfect human agents and to leave in the results the mark of their failure to grasp the full implications of the task imposed upon them. But occasionally, and more especially in the winning over of unbelievers, He seems to dispense with the visible ministry.

Here arises the perennial problem of the salvation of those outside the visible Church. Monsignor Journet rightly rejects the notion of 'invisible members': one is either a member or not, and membership is of the Church visible and militant. But it is possible to be a member *in voto*, by desire. This situation is not merely similar to that of the person whose good will implies a desire of Baptism: it is the same thing, for Baptism is 'the door by which the Church is entered' (p. 34). It is often forgotten that the seven sacraments are sacraments of the Church, signs of grace dependent for their efficacy and splendour on the power and beauty of the supreme evidence of God's presence in the world.³ The Church is the basic sacrament, the *Ursakrament*, the first of the separate instruments of the grace that comes from God through Jesus Christ. From that first and never-ceasing divine self-giving which is the procession of the Son, across the Church and her institutions, to the last reception of grace by the most forsaken of good-willed pagans there is perfect continuity. In what from our standpoint is another direction there is also perfect fellowship in the Spirit of Christ.

¹ 'Even to angelic natures, exempt from all passion and disorder, divine grace could seem to come as something alien, so that they could be startled and taken aback when it was proffered and sin made possible for them. It is not surprising therefore that the Church, which is the kingdom of grace, should feel in some sense an exile among human societies: that she should disconcert them by the splendour of her revelation, and frighten them as soon as she tries to spread her wings' (p. 213).

² 'We recognize here the spirit of Christianity, calling upon man to be more than himself; the episcopal state of life is above the life of many of the bishops, the sacerdotal state of life is above the life of many of the priests, the Christian state of life is above the life of many of the baptized' (p. 396).

³ Cp. Vatican Council, Session III, Cap. 3 (D.B. 1794).

No question, then, of belonging to the soul and not to the body of the Church. But there are varying degrees of participating at one and the same time in both, in the whole Church. Membership properly so-called is for those alone who are baptized and profess the true faith, who have not cut themselves adrift nor been excluded by the Church herself, states the encyclical *Mystici Corporis*.¹ Others may be related (*ordinentur*) to her in their unconscious yearnings, but they lack many of the gifts of grace assured to the Church and their faith is dangerously limited if directed solely to Christ as Head, to the exclusion of His Vicar on earth. The emphasis may well be placed, however, less on the mysterious dispositions of the soul in its approach to grace than on the manifest efforts of the Church to bring to men every divine gift they are willing to take.

To those fallen into grievous sin but still bound to her by faith she offers constantly the restorative sacraments, explicitly recognizing their part in her fellowship. Some of her ministers are less zealous in their concern for those who do good without having the same attachment to the true faith, but many more by their ready interest in all inquirers, by their organization of missions and instructions for non-Catholics and by their keen sympathy for all sincere efforts to promote Christian unity, provide visible evidence of the Church's dynamic catholicity. The Popes especially in their public prayers and eloquent appeals show the keenness of their love for all the human family in its search for God, but a special predilection for Eastern Christians separated by what we do not yet venture to call more than schism and after them for Western Protestants cut off by a heresy that was not of their making. They live still by the truth once received from the Church, by sacraments retained and administered in conditions recognized as valid by the Church, even by the grace of forgiveness of sins lawfully granted by priests from whom the Church did not wish to withdraw the power of absolution.² Even where it might seem that

¹ 'In Ecclesiae autem membris reapse ii soli annumerandi sunt, qui regenerationis lavacrum receperunt veramque fidem profitentur, neque a Corporis compage semetipsos misere separarunt, vel ob gravissima admissa a legitima auctoritate seiuncti sunt.'

² The Code of Canon Law explicitly grants faculties to all priests even if not otherwise approved for confessions, to absolve in danger of death. Journet quotes an article in the *Ami du Clergé*, building up a strong argument from the silence of the Holy See for the validity and lawfulness of absolution as regularly granted by dissident Eastern priests, so long as this is done in invincible ignorance and good faith: they have jurisdiction from their bishops who, in their turn, are allowed to retain the same power for the sake of millions dependent on their ministry (p. 508).

God alone works and where there is certainly no visible ministry at the present time, the grace of enlightenment may well mean the transformation and completion of a fragment of Christian truth remembered in the midst of all kinds of error from a distant and ancient contact with the Church.¹

In all this the Church is encountered as a visible, an historical institution; but her outward actions are stimulated and her characteristic features established by charity. The Holy Spirit is her soul, but the Spirit is not present without His gifts: if He is her uncreated soul, charity—'rightly orientated sacramental charity'—may properly be termed her created soul. The distribution of the divine gifts is governed by the two powers of the hierarchy: 'the power of order, by which God normally awakens supernatural life in the soul, . . . the power of jurisdiction by which He normally shows it the way it should go' (p. 30, cp. p. 512). The Church only reaches the fullness of beauty when these graces penetrate and transform completely the souls of her members. Grace may produce striking effects among those apparently untouched by the power of order and openly repudiating the Church's jurisdiction, but it will be less securely maintained and, once lost, more easily lost forever; even then, for all their avowals to the contrary, those who yield to the power of the Spirit are by that very fact submitting, however slightly, to the visible power of the Church He informs.² They are not saved outside the Church nor through attachment to the soul alone, but by the pursuing love of the Spirit of holiness given bodily expression in the Church: through a sacrament publicly acknowledged as valid and therefore as her own; or perhaps at least through the faint echo of the good tidings announced long ago by her authorized ministers.

Relations with the State are but a part of the Church's single-minded effort to win the world for God, but her outward organization is more clearly involved, her motives more easily suspected

¹ Not only through the memory—as in Japan—of the preaching of a Francis Xavier, but through more distant, slender and even indirect contacts with the Church some Christian truths have certainly been acquired, giving a supernatural character to what might otherwise be 'natural' religion and forming minds to receive a fuller revelation.

² 'Although the soul of the Church is only prefigured where the sacramental character, or sacramental grace, or orientated grace are lacking, yet the body of the Church begins to be prefigured there too' (p. 32). Monsignor Journet has been taken to task for making the Church a monstrosity with two souls (cp. *Herder-Korrespondenz*, April 1955), but this criticism appears to be of the same character as the Protestant objection to the primacy of the Pope on the ground that this creates two heads in the Church. Is he not, in fact, merely using the distinction familiar to theologians between created and uncreated grace?

and the actions of some of her leaders less certainly governed by divine charisms. As always her opponents fail to acknowledge her supernatural character, while many of her supporters reduce it to their own terms.¹ Both fail to grasp that even divine impatience, like all the divine attributes, is analogical: it may not always sanction the holy zeal of Churchmen; but it must sometimes find expression in gestures, disturbing or strangely soothing, which cannot be reduced to the terms of a concordat. This is the general theme of the hundred or more pages which Monsignor Journet devotes to the relations of Church and State, illuminating pages with many judicious distinctions and examples from history which can only be given a passing mention here. To some extent they were summarized in the passage, already quoted, where it was asserted that Church and State are not two parallel organizations requiring merely to be co-ordinated: the resemblance of the canonical to the civil power is analogical only, not univocal, and this because its concerns reach into a world where the Church ends in glory and the State ceases to be. But even now both are meant to fulfil a divinely implanted need and their relations must always reflect the tension in the soul of man:

It is enough to respect the depth of the mystery in man to understand that he has to move towards God in two different ways. By reason of his natural powers, actualized by his acquired virtues, he will move towards his connatural ends, and will therefore enter into civil communities. By reason of the obediential potency of his spirit, actualized by grace and the infused virtues, he will acquire wings on which he may rise to the city of the angels, of Christ, and of the divine Persons. He will walk and fly at one and the same time; and in this there will be no incompatibility. Indeed, he will walk the more surely on the earth when his love draws him towards heaven, and be the better citizen when fully Christian; it will be the mission of the Church to Christianize civil life. The earthly city and the heavenly city, the State and the Church, divide man's inward life between them. The law of an essential duality, from which he will only escape by death, divides his being in this world. The division is grievous, no doubt, but in itself salutary. It does not aim at vainly tearing man apart and producing sterile and unending conflicts. It is meant to bring the various powers of his soul by different routes to the same God (p. 200).

The fullest impact of the Church is, of course, upon her own acknowledged children and through the regular ministry. On this,

¹ As when they profess that ecclesiastical patriotism so rightly detested by Simone Weil.

too, though Monsignor Journet devotes the greater and better part of his book to it, only a brief note is possible here. But again he has provided us with excellent and illuminating summaries. That regular ministry is the act of the hierarchy, the efficient cause subordinated to the Incarnate Word, existing to continue both over the centuries His historical mission and at the present moment the gesture by which from heaven He gives grace and light to men. After this life the hierarchy will no longer be needed, but how exalted will have been its place in the Church militant: 'Its whole purpose was to continue that sensible contact by which Christ touched our wounds to heal them' (p. 15). It follows that 'our love for the hierarchy is our very love for Christ' (p. 497). But the extent to which the acts of the hierarchy participate in the act of Christ may vary. There is first the power of order, the sacramental power which is properly instrumental: because God uses His instruments according to their nature, the human agent is not merely inert, he must 'intend' what he does under the divine influence; but, though there is scope for some determination by authority of the matter and form of certain sacraments, the 'intention' of the minister means no more than the acceptance of the conditions under which God chooses to convey grace. The power of jurisdiction is twofold: the declaratory power, to the exercise of which God attaches more or less strict safeguards—notably, at the highest stage, the privilege of infallibility—but leaves to the human agent as a true 'second cause' greater discretion in choosing the occasion to proclaim revealed truth and words to express it; and the canonical power where still more is left to human choice and therefore open to the possibility of failure. But the signs of weakness cannot conceal the grandeur—also supernatural and a mystery—of the hierarchy's function:

The Apostles and their successors bring with them the power of order. And with it the power of jurisdiction too, comprising a declaratory power assisted absolutely; and a canonical power, arising from the foregoing like leafage from its stalk, assisted only relatively, especially in merely particular matters or in those that concern the empirical existence of the Church. But the measures of the canonical power may on occasion be found to be less than perfect—particular measures, we have seen, can be accidentally erroneous, even immoral, and in this case do not count since they are disavowed in advance by the general teachings of the jurisdictional power. When this is the case, or when they are hard and vexatious (which will usually be for our good); when we have to

suffer either from the carelessness or the incomprehension or the chicanery of those who wield the canonical power, or simply from the divergent ways of judging certain events that are at once religious and political or cultural—the sufferings involved can cause anguish but can never dim the outlook of a soul that wishes to remain great. For the thing which makes the soul great before God is the depth of her faith and the reality of her love for the cross. And sufferings of this nature need never conceal from us the divine magnificence of the good things that are indissolubly united under the name of the hierarchy (p. 497).

Those good things have seldom been so finely or richly presented for our understanding as they are in this volume. There are indeed no signs of hesitation in probing the more disturbing features of the hierarchy's acts in history, but more important is the way in which style, tone and words are combined almost to achieve the impossible, to reflect faithfully the supernatural splendour, 'the divine magnificence'.

CELESTIAL CASTLES¹

An Approach to Saint Teresa
and Franz Kafka

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

AT one place in his works Franz Kafka speaks of the power of a crow to destroy the heavens, adding that this proves nothing against the heavens for the heavens signify the impossibility of crows. In a sense, everything that he wrote and said leads up to and away from this central conception. 'I write mechanically as birds taught to speak,' admits Saint Teresa, continuing, 'I began to think of the soul as if it were a castle made of a single diamond or of very clear crystal, in which there are many rooms just as in Heaven there are many mansions.'

These, then, are the two beginnings . . .

(i) AVILA

Above Avila's eighty-six crescent-shaped towers black wings dissolve in the fiery West. At sunset the plain quivers with the day's pinkish ochre—so soon to be swallowed in the darkness. As yet the trails that have worn grooves into the turf (for the rock is near the surface) still show the herdsman's tracks. This is the moment when the last bearings are taken, when the city's doors are bolted and barred, when belated travellers speed apace to gain the safety of the lighted battlements. Already the shepherds have lit their *braseros*, huddling together, preparing to warm the night with tales that would chill all save the bravest. At Valencia, they say, a witch plucked the liver of a blaspheming Jew from the flames. . . . In his turn, each speaker prefaces his story with a little incantation—an omen to keep away the midnight hags that ride the blue mists of the far Sierra de Greda:

¹ An extract from a book which is a study of the castle as a literal and spiritual image in the works of Saint Teresa of Avila and Franz Kafka.

It came to pass
 —Let ill depart
 —Let good draw near
 Ill for the Moors,
 Good for ourselves.

Erase que se era
—El mal que se vaya
—El bien que se venga
El mal para los Moros,
Y el bien para nosotros.

Hurriedly they cross themselves, for some have heard of a sorcerer who sailed in a sieve to Ibiza to bring back alive the heart of a Moor. . . . But what does this tremendous beating of wings mean? Antonio shall see. The test of his going shall be a kind of initiation ceremony, and the boy, a mulish resignation in his body, consents: in his voice there is the *pueblo's* flat resonance of aloofness and inevitability. When he returns he says that it is some sort of bird—one that he has never seen before. They gather round more closely to question him—a bird, a prophet, or a devil?

The next day at a house in the Plazuela de Santo Domingo two grooms have come back early from the sheep-shearing; their hands are still greasy from the fleeces. A solitary cat moving across a low roof arches his back in ecstasy. A wonderful looseness of sunshine invades the garden in which the children are playing—Juan, Maria, Fernando and Rodrigo. Rodrigo calls to Teresa, his favourite sister. Just now behind the mulberries he heard the servants speaking of a strange bird that might be a prophet. They call the others—Lorenzo, Antonio, Pedro and tiny Jeronimo. —What does it mean? . . . Where did it come from? . . . Where was it flying to? . . . The chatter rises and falls, rises and falls . . . —What colour were its wings?, they ask, dragging Rodrigo from behind the box-trees. —Black, he replies—and suddenly it seems as if all the reds and blues and greens of the patio grow weary as their eyes follow the line of a tall flimsy tree whose flowering white fingers sway with a roundward motion as if beckoning them to leave their enclosed Eden and fly far out over the tessellated fortress that is their town. This is the instant when everything drains of colour, growing either light or dark; when walls may collapse like cards and knowledge seem no more than an unexpected breath of wind.

Teresa, ever a precocious child and the natural leader not only of her brothers and sisters but her cousins also, is straining upon her toes, waiting to put into words what fear has left tipped on all their tongues. —What does it mean?, she chides them, a slight bossiness creeping into her tone. —Death, she answers her own question, an innocence ringing in her voice that can come only from inexperience; —perhaps our grandmother's death, she goes

on, or our uncle's at Gotarrendura . . . ? Yet already her mind is soaring ahead of theirs, freeing itself of the shackles prescribed by the closed society in which it has been nurtured. For she was a rebellious child by nature, and in many ways her mind often showed a masculine turn in its readiness to take the lead. The problems of adolescence struck her extra early—as is frequently the case with genius, since all through her life she spoke with a wisdom beyond her years. A step ahead of her time, she was always a step ahead of her generation too.

When children are young they have about them the freshness of apples; their flesh smells sweet, but over everything there falls a duality. On this side of six paradise is never very far away; yet later when the apple-tree grows in reach, everything acquires a bitter-sweet taste—though occasionally in second childhood cheeks regain the late clear aura of a withered apple, a kind of parting golden-shell of muskiness. Teresa had always shown a great taste for the stories of the Bible, and in the parish church of San Juan she had constantly heard the preachers thunder of the great loss sustained by Adam in the garden. —What garden?, she would sometimes nudge Rodrigo. She had heard other preachers thundering against false heresies now spreading like a wild fire through Spain. —What were heresies? She would nudge her brother—although this time he did not move; he was held by the crescendo of the Dominican rhetoric— 'Everlasting Souls to Everlasting Punishment'.

Later, as Dona Beatriz leant forward to kiss her daughter good night, a score of wrinkles breaking into her sleeves, so Teresa questioned her: —Why did the preacher say 'everlasting'? What did he mean by 'everlasting'?

'For ever—Without end.'

Her mother's hand was now on the door; the wrinkles had vanished. Suddenly everything became smooth. As the last flickers of the candle left the room in stillness, so Teresa no longer felt clamped down—even the bed's baroque angels appeared airborne—for it seemed as if she was free to float, free of the heavy ornate Italian work and solid Burgundian taste that marked all the great houses in Castile—those of the Aguila, Ornate and Polentino as well as the Ahumada and Cepeda. Suppose that she could exchange this life for the next, suppose that the price was no more than a spear-thrust or a stoning, then surely the price was worth it. And how tantalizing the friars and preachers had made

paradise sound with its serpents of green fire circling the trees and whiteness the colour of snow before roof-tops have smirched it. . . .

'Rodrigo, for ever.' The voice is spirited, the born leader's.

'Teresa, for ever.' The tone is of acceptance, the born follower's.

The children had made a mutual martyrdom pact. Within a fortnight, perhaps a week, they will set off for the 'land of the Moors' . . .

Within a few days the expedition was planned. Teresa was seven; her brother four years older—and might not even Avila erect its own basilica to them as already there had been erected the basilica to the three children—Vincent, Cristeta and Sabina—who in Roman times had had their brains dashed out on the stones rather than profane the name of Jesus? Just a year or two back a Jew who doubted that the remains of these three children were guarded by a serpent had escaped being stoned only by both calling upon the name of Jesus and promising to have himself baptized. In the closed mediaeval cycle of life, events in Avila had a circularity about them—an eye for an eye, but with a certain irony as in the case of Vincent, Cristeta and Sabina and the sceptical Jew twelve centuries later. For this was essentially a society in which passions rocketed to drop like sticks; in which the fairy-tale realities of exaggerated chivalry had their counterpart in the extreme physical pangs of martyrdom exploited by the painters of religious subjects. 'A Saint Lawrence bound, stretched on the grid . . . the coals alive, the fire so red that it strikes terror in the spectator.' These are the words of one contemporary, Malon de Chaide. Or again: 'Saint Bartholomew, bound to a table, being flayed alive . . . ; Saint Stephen being stoned . . . , his face bleeding.' There were crucifixes too that supplemented these pictorial images—crucifixes in which the wracked body was shown 'with the weals made by the scourging' and 'the entrails pierced', spattered by paint-drops so real that even to this day, seen in the shadows of these dark churches, they seem to liquefy at sight.

It is not hard to think of the trace that such things must have left upon a child's mind—the outline, as it were, of which all that follows is a mere shading in. I do not understand one modern biographer, Miss Kate O'Brien, when she says: 'Nor does . . . her childhood reflect the woman she was to be.' Indeed in what appears such precociousness—which is often akin to priggishness

—lie all those temptations whose conquest were subsequently to make sainthood possible. If a definition of sainthood is needed here, it might be said that it is a genius in capacity for sanctity. Some men and women are born religiously talented; others have, on the natural plane, a gift which addicts them towards, say, either mysticism or writing or leadership. In Saint Teresa's case, all three talents met.

Early on that morning when Teresa and her brother were found on their way to the 'land of the Moors', it was Rodrigo who welcomed the restraining hand of fate. Already he was footsore, and it was '*la nina* who dragged me into it' he wailed to their uncle as Don Francisco Alvarez de Cepeda trundled them under his arms, their feet scarcely touching the ground as they recrossed the Adaja Bridge—one of the nine gateways into Avila.

Yet *la nina* was not so easily to be daunted. Flames filled her imagination as the fires of hell her sleep. For she was always subject to nightmares—a fact which has enabled some to argue that her 'visions' were no more than the alternations between dreams and nightmares. Wish-fulfilment, it seems, is always an easy doctrine to apply. Certainly the psychologist who narrows his field to his own limited terms of reference can find all the arguments in which, because—literally and symbolically—fires were to play such a formative part in her youth, he can make her out the slave of a fire-complex. (In the same way Kafka has sometimes been made out to look the slave of a mountain-complex.) Yet such a constricting of argument is to misinterpret Teresa's century with the present, because in the Sixteenth Century fire had not been shackled into the driving force of industry that it now is. True it brought heat—Teresa often luxuriated in the blue scented smoke that dried lavender could draw from a *brasero*—, but fire-lighting was still a manual task, not merely a dependance upon turning a gas or an electric switch. For much more has happened scientifically between the Sixteenth and Twentieth Centuries than happened during the whole of the first sixteen centuries of Christianity; and part of the contemporary significance of Saint Teresa of Avila resides in the fact that she stated, in the most natural idiom of her day, not what need be reinterpreted now, but rather developed, with medicine and science coming in as auxiliaries to help define more precisely what she defined in a limited and rather exclusive literary sense. I like to remember that it is in Barcelona, not in North America nor Scandinavia, that the first shrine to Our

Lady as the Patron of Electricians has been built. For today critics must try and heal the dichotomy between the language of medicine and science and imaginative or visionary writing. What is needed, as it were, are words which can be employed with the accuracy of high-precision instruments; and what is perhaps more interesting is the close resemblance that there exists between the beauty of high-precision instruments when, for example, they record the heart-beat or the artery system and the lines of interpretation used by surrealist painters and writers—both literally and symbolically. An artist, it should go without saying, is always something of a mystic and seer as well. Those who have entered bombed buildings to find glasses of water untouched upon the mantelpiece, or an umbrella opened—filled with roses and lying across a piano, may temporarily have had that kind of shock which is so frequent in dreams—the moment when everything is whole, but which a touch can destroy. Remember Blake's prophetic pictures bear many resemblances to those shown of hydrogen bombs exploding—and in some cases Teresan texts would provide apt commentaries. In all these cases if the necessary words were easy to find—if they were a common part of one's stock vocabulary—then this inter-plane would have been explored. As it is, while the voyaging still remains, knowledge is all the time being added to.

On the day that Teresa and her brother were brought back by their uncle from the 'land of the Moors', the armourers in the stables were at work on their father's breast-plate with its great arms—a huge tower surrounded by flames. And here to childish eyes may well have stamped itself the 'double image' that was to last all life—the living flames beating their reflection into the metal. For time and again, at her mother's knee, Teresa had had it impressed upon her that the Ahumadas owed their very name and existence to a miracle. Fighting the Moors, their ancestor Don Fernando had been trapped with his three sons in a blazing tower; then God had fanned the flames to provide the smoke (*humo*) to screen their escape.

So, if in the future the games that she played were to be less adventurous than the thwarted expedition to the Moors, none the less they remained kindled with the same kind of spirit. Her mother would find the dark oak-chests rifled. Dresses of yellow Chinese silk, which she had put away with her skirts of crimson satin that had once been worn with a corsage of violet damask,

were unearthed; for nowadays her mother preferred to dress as a duenna, and it was only after much entreaty from her daughter that she could be persuaded to show herself as the bride 'very richly attired in silk and gold' whose wedding to Don Alonso (an early widower) had been one of 'the most magnificent in all Castile'. More than the other children, it was this sense of magnificence that Teresa inherited—a magnificence which sometimes tinged with a mixture of genuine piety and false humility can lead to star-studded bracelets being lined with points to prick the flesh into subservience. A martyr is one who lives with a saint, said an Irish wag. Mother Teresa of Jesus would have enjoyed this joke, remembering how as a child she had lain thick strips of brown woollen cloth across her shoulders, clapping her hands twice and expecting her brothers and sisters and cousins to prostrate themselves, their arms folded to form a cross. Such had once been her game of 'monasterio'.

Yet, as she recalled subsequently, her desire to grow up and become a nun was at this time 'less strong than it was for other things'. Before they had bartered for martyrdom and crossed the Adaja Bridge, Teresa and Rodrigo had prayed before the statue of Our Lady of Charity: —Make us martyrs and give us heaven in exchange. . . .

Children in Avila had the run of the churches—churches in which the body of Torquemada was as venerated as that of Saint Thomas Aquinas; and often with the retrospect that sets in during the late teens it must have seemed to those in Avila then—this City of Liegemen and Knights—as if not only were the whole world compressed within its walls, but that all Christian contemporary history was here in the making. The city had been set on deep foundations, and Teresa and Rodrigo now prayed that they might find hermitages worthy of the escutcheons which, above the door of their house in the Plazuela de Santo Domingo, stood for Glory and the Faith. Alas! the rocks they gathered to roof in their hermitages fell in; they had not dug deep enough for the side walls to take the strain. In future they must lay better foundation-stones; in the meantime, crest-fallen, *la nina* and her brother returned to the others. Then, a few minutes later, a little haughtily she would clap her hands twice. Why were they so slow? Did they not know that she was their prioress and must prostrate themselves? Then another clap and all was well. They should be standing—as indeed they had been all the time! Yet even the novelty

of 'monasterio' flagged. The cloistered life seemed no more romantic than the nun's; both seemed equally unrewarding. And never far away was 'the desire for other things'—especially for martyrdom and glory. Meanwhile the only alternative could be books. There lay a possible way of temporary escape.

'I thought that I could never be happy without a book'. Don Alonso knowing his daughter's passion was determined that she should be able to read before she was seven. Her maternal grandmother, Dona Teresa de las Cuevas, had been unable to sign the register at the baptism. The Cepeda library was full of heavy tomes, and the lessons were long and arduous. There was Cicero's *De Officiis*, Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, Seneca's *Proverbs*, the devotional verses of Perez de Guzman as well as his treatise on the mass. There were, too, books about conquest in the West for which the maps lining the wall acted as a commentary. Don Alonso was by Spanish standards a man of progress, since by progress he meant the spread of Catholicism; territorial expansion was only interesting if it led to converts. This perhaps has a suspicious ring today—especially when in the last thirty years so much Fascist activity has cloaked itself in the name of religion—, but Don Alonso remained to his friends essentially a peaceful man who was more attracted to the trappings of war—the crest, armorial bearings, gilt sword and black velvet scabbard—than to its open conflicts. Over the battle of the Comuneros, he had kept a firm neutral position.

So it was with a sure hand he guided his daughter's reading. Romances were out of the question—in fact were not these romances then circulating in Spain the devil's bait 'which he dangled before the sentimental feelings of frivolous boys and girls'? Dona Beatriz held her peace, though inwardly she knew her mind. On the contrary were not these romances most necessary to excite boys and girls in the pursuit of arms and to stimulate the manly deeds of their forefathers? Had not she brought up her children on the story of Dona Jimena who, in the absence of her husband, the governor with his troops, manned the walls of Avila against the Moors—not single-handed, but joined by the rest of the women who for the event disguised themselves with the help of beards and large hats? Surely these legends which were the bases of these romances abounded with deeds of glory and virtue? At the moment Don Alonso was not back from his estate; Dona Beatriz might safely read to her daughter. The story she chose was that of *Amadis*

de Gaule—a story that at the time that it was firing Teresa also caught within its spell another young man, Ignatius Loyola. In soft, clear tones, Dona Beatriz read on into the night:

King Lisuat's daughter was Oriana, the most beautiful creature men had ever seen. She was so beautiful that she was called the Peerless. The queen gave her the Lord of the Sea to serve her and said to her:

'Darling, this is a young lord (i.e. Amadis) for your service.'

'He pleases me,' replied Oriana.

This remark was so deeply engraved in the young lord's heart that it was never more effaced. As the story relates, he was not displeased at serving her and his heart was fixed on her unceasingly. . . .

In the *brasero* the lavender crackled as the flames charred the stalks, dissolving them into black butterflies.

'Did they love each other for ever and ever?' asked Teresa.

'For ever and ever,' replied Dona Beatriz, as her gentle voice went on with the story: 'For this love lasted as long as they lived, he loving her as she loved him, so that they ceased not to love one another for a single hour.'

This was glory—that glory which Saint Teresa was to comment on later, saying that 'like love' it was 'useless unless it was for ever'. Yet not always did everything flow so simply, not always were these pure crystalline images carried from childhood's pools of memory: there were muddying of the water when the sky suddenly became overcast with darkness. What of those voices Rodrigo had heard behind the mulberries? What of the strange bird from heaven, or was it a devil? Her mother's voice soothed her. She must be in bed before her father returned, for it was late and Dona Beatriz was tired, being already several months advanced in another pregnancy. In any case, all her family had to be up for an early start. Tomorrow they had a journey before them.

Gotarrendura lay three and a half leagues away.

The next morning the town awoke to a chorus of bells. The six o'clock angelus pealed from San Domingo, San Pedro; San Roman, San Nicolas; San Cebrian, San Pelayo. These were the bronze voices which had been preceded by the wooden clappers of the Poor Clares, Cistercians and Franciscans. There was a whole language of bells to be fathomed, a whole history to be wrung out as the stately booming chimes of the cathedral sent the mules off with their crimson and green harnesses and their pack-saddles

laden with hampers and jars of oil. Then upstairs to the children came the pattering of sandle-shod feet—a confirmation that the real world lay behind the shutters.

Two hours later the procession was ready to move off. As the mules drew tight upon their collars, they set jingling the little litanies that would herald this caravan's approach all down the rocky roads. Teresa was riding side-saddle—unwilling to drive in the coach with her mother and tiny Jeronimo lest her elder brothers should laugh at her. Crossing the squares with their fountains they squeezed their way between the narrow streets, as the carpenters were at work on cherubs, adding a dimple, passing a comb through flaxen wigs, re-emphasizing the shadows below the eyes; they were intended for Saint Sebastian's great feast-day.

For the Ahumadas and Cepedas this was to be the last of Avila for several months, this city of saints and stones (*Santos y cantos*), whose shape had scarcely altered since Christ had walked on the Sea of Galilee, whose cathedral in the Eleventh Century had swollen like an immense bastion out of its eastern wall.

Down past the Adaja Bridge they made their way. Once before, returning, the grey granite walls had hidden the white towers and red tiles that now shone within the battlements. Before, the arms of Teresa's uncle had skimmed her and Rodrigo along the ground like birds—that uncle whom they were now to visit. New vistas were opening. Silvery olive-trees with their black stems rising from the pink earth divided the fields of corn and aromatic wastes which were thick with cistus thickets and lavender—the lavender that Teresa so loved and was stored at home in the stable lofts. Occasionally a muleteer passed, coughing a guttural 'Arres' in recognition as he aimed a long jet of brown saliva at the grass. Avila would soon be on the horizon. Far off a dog howled. Teresa turned for a last look; this was still middle distance. Then above, circling, she saw a bird forget the soaring ease of the day and swoop low over their heads. She gripped her talisman. What did it mean? She feared to call her mother. Home lay nearly a league away. In all the grey dust eddying around them the city might have been a witches' cauldron, and she remembered the stories which she had heard from servants but never quite understood. She was glad that Rodrigo was close to her. If she questioned her father, he would say that his little girl had been listening to too many romances. Yet now as the middle distance drew into the horizon, Avila's towers only showed here and there rising up above the dust of their trail.

It was like a castle whose buttresses are built on faith. Finally the hazy heat seemed to swirl about them like a mist and Avila was lost. For all she knew it might have vanished into thin air.

(ii) PRAGUE

Eight hundred miles to the north-east of Avila lies the Hradschin, the castle which guards Prague today as it did in the time of the early German emperors. A small city, its castle is very much its head. Nurses hurrying with their charges still scold them on with stories of ogres that may seize and turn them into apfel strudel. Franz Kafka never forgot such stories, for there is a moment when suddenly no longer the world is taken for granted, and a child—he may be on the brink of boyhood—knows that he brings with him something very old and primitive upon which he must take his stand. Poets and Jews are especially aware of this—and in the case of the latter it sometimes leads to a Messiah-complex. Yet upon whomever it falls—Jew or Gentile—it works a metamorphosis. Just as in the fairy story when the right abracadabra is pronounced, 'a castle that has been lying under a spell for a hundred years opens and everything comes to life', so from then on 'consciousness of existence' becomes the 'focus of all attention'. If children do not always look before they leap, at least they sing before they talk, talk before they write. Poetry comes before prose. In fact, when they do begin to write, letters are usually their first form of self-expression. Parents and nurses feel that they must right this topsy-turvy world, bringing in cautionary tales to make sense of the nonsense of these fairy stories.

Perhaps, therefore, Kafka's letters are as good a starting-point as any; they contain the grit that became the pearls—the works of art. Yet in this case one must remember that for Kafka diary-writing was nearly the same as letter-writing, since his diaries were a sort of extended open letter addressed to his father—an image one moment lost in the clouds, the next earthbound by his feet of clay. As an author Kafka admits that he never knows where to begin, but that once he has scribbled down a sentence such as 'He stood at the window and looked down the street', he knows that he is absolutely right; and the theory which he states may be put in practice here.

There must always be a point of departure—and no sooner

does one thus state the obvious than a chain of associations is set going. 'I saw God in a point,' said Dame Julian of Norwich, 'that is to say in my understanding,' for to her God was immanent in all things—as he was, in different ways, to both Kafka and Saint Teresa. The point here would seem to be Dionysian—the point that connects all the radii to the central unity which contains and unites everything to him. Or can one, as Emerson put it, state that 'the way to the centre is everywhere equally short'? Must one not qualify this by adding that though God is everywhere present, he is not present in equal measure. These are perhaps some of the ambiguities which were to haunt Kafka—ambiguities which one can trace right through to his earliest youth. For is not an author's work infectious? Are ideas any less contagious than germs? When one speaks of books being in the air—as one speaks of castles—does one not speak in metaphors whose solid and poetic realism have yet to be tested? And these problems particularly face a modern critic. Do not the spiritual affinities which link up the spirits of different literatures reach a common denominator by the fact that all the while words are being used to express the Word? Maybe it is a mark of this age that comparative studies should flourish so. . . .

—But now to Franz's youth, to the uncharted springs that kept alive in a northern climate those same springs which in a southern climate fed Teresa de Ahumada y Cepeda. And with the idea of springs one returns to the lie of the land—that chief foundation which shapes and moulds to its ground the architecture, and hence atmosphere, of any city or town. For development never lies in forgetting one's past—the stones, bricks and mortar of early days; instead it lies in drawing strength from them as from roots. Home is where the heart is. A man does not progress by leaving his home behind him, however humble or magnificent it be. The truth is that his only emancipation lies in glorifying it, in adding cloud-capped towers to its structure.

In the mediaeval city of Prague proclamations used to be made through a speaking-tube projecting from the castle walls. It is easy to see what an omnipotent personality this must have given to the stone edifice—a citadel whose voice resounded like that of a god as the echo bounced and recoiled from bastion to bastion. Also the castle was set on a rock so that in another sense it resembled a mountain—and the mountain is a symbol which has come to have more apparent meaning in the Twentieth Century than either fire or water, since, as I mentioned earlier, fire and water are now

largely associated with merely pressing buttons or turning switches; but with hills and mountains there is a return to a rugged reality. Their history shows that there has been a rise and fall in their appreciation. The psalmists sung their glory and that tradition, unbroken, has been carried right down into modern Hebrew poetry—though elsewhere there have been gaps in the continuity. The Celtic saints knew them both literally as retreats and metaphorically as figures of speech—means *in* which and *by* which to measure the majesty of God. Yet Doctor Johnson found the Scottish Highlands full of 'hopeless sterility'; and the Eighteenth Century represents the lowest religious peak, not only in England, but throughout Europe. For hills and mountains make men look upwards, acting in biblical periods as intermediaries between heaven and earth. In fact the symbolism is so clear that it can be equally shared by child or sage. Yet for the Jew or Christian—as opposed to the pure classicist or liberal humanist—they signify more. Moses climbed Mount Sinai and Christ was transfigured on a mountain. (Saint Teresa must have often paused to think on the words of the Epistle of the Fourth Sunday of Lent: 'For know there are two testaments; the one from Mount Sina, engendering unto bondage, which is Agar: for Sina is a mountain in Arabia, which hath affinity to that Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children; but that Jerusalem which is above is free, which is our mother.' Or, again at the words in the Collect for Saint Catherine of Alexandria, in which the legend is recalled of the saint's body being carried to Mount Sinai by angels and asks that 'we, by her intercession', shall also come 'to that mountain which is Christ'.)

Kafka's parents always loomed large on the horizon. His grandfather was a butcher and his father a business man, the surname Kafka being common amongst Czech Jews. Spelt properly, it derives from 'Kavka' meaning 'jackdaw'. From this stock there was to be inherited strength, health, appetite, decision, endurance, presence of mind, knowledge of the world, a 'will-to live, to do business, to conquer' and a certain largeness of heart. Yet to put it 'as briefly as possible, I [remained always] a Lowy with a certain amount of Kafka at the bottom' though not sufficient to 'be got going'. It was from his mother's side that he inherited his 'obstinacy, sensitivity, sense of justice, restlessness'—and how different her lineage was to that of her husband's coarse stock. Her grandfather had been a scholar, 'with a long white beard', who had enjoyed the highest repute amongst both Christians and Jews; but

her great-grandfather 'was an even greater scholar' in rabbinical lore. He was a very holy man too who laid the phylacteries, which his religion decreed, over his clothes, not under them. Once he was specially blessed by Jehovah, his life being spared when a fire had broken out in the street in which he lived, but which had by-passed his own house. Franz's mother told him the story many times as he sat in his sailor suit, with his big questioning eyes dreaming before the fire—for he was a delicate child who needed all the heat he could have. The rough and tumble games that his father loved, he detested, knowing as all his Lowy ancestors had known that it were better to be thought an idler by hearty set than to sacrifice the vision (upon which from the start) he knew instinctively that he would have to make his stand. In the early photographs, at six and seven, notice the tight-lipped, self-willed mouth. For from his earliest youth he had acquired the art of being able to sit and listen, hearing his mother's soft voice overridden by the gruffer accents of his father. Yet there remained the constant search for a real home where there could be true heart's ease. For example he longed to be accepted by his father—a figure whom he admired as much as he feared. There are pathetic little incidents recorded when the boy would try to help by carrying slippers into the warehouse in the hope of currying favour—only to draw forth a string of curses as, in his nervousness to please, he would stumble, the boxes littering the pavement, his face changing to the weeping oval of a clown. 'Pick them up, fool,' Hermann Kafka would bel-low. So, more and more as his father's trade grew, he became alienated further and further from his mother as she, believing it her first duty, gave increasingly of her energy and time to building up her husband's business. Thus—as frequently happens—it was with his parents that the first struggles developed.

Later, as a boy at school, when he felt that he had already failed as a son and heir, there came to press upon him the added burden of Jewish humanity, of having no abiding city to call his own. Even in the Judenstadt with its mediaeval synagogue and its cemetery thick with elderberries and nettles, these were but the outward signs of a homecoming long delayed. As Hugo Manning, a fine contemporary Jewish poet, has sung, a 'journey to a far Canaan is always about to begin'; and it is a line that conjures an universal longing for a promised land lost somewhere amid earlier caravan routes. When Kakfa on his walks left the Jewish quarter and came near to the offices on the river Pöric close to which he

was to work for twelve years, or when on his way back from school he would cross by the bridge by the quay with its statues of the twelve kings of Bohemia, it was constantly with a feeling of loss that he wandered between the old and modern Prague; and 'although small cities have . . . small places to stroll in', if the distance from the Karpenfagasse in the Jewish quarter seemed immeasurably far from his homeland, then the distance from the Jewish quarter to the Teinkirche appeared immeasurably further.

The hard salt quality of the pavements began to eat into his mind as he exchanged the satchel for the student's scarf. Seeds were gathering beneath the stones—the twelve kings of Bohemia and the twelve apostles; the catacombs and the ghetto cafés; the Christian and Jewish traditions. So much overlapped and yet so much seemed isolated and separate. Christianity began where Judaism had left off. Who had said that? There came back to him memories of the dusty classrooms off the Fleischmarkt. Or the braziers burning beside both the stalls heavy with cooked meats and the cold marble slabs where, with 'such gentle hands', the girls scaled fish—'such bloody work'. Then new wood had to be fed to the braziers, the flames eating into the logs with their yellow antlered pincers as from their fibre tiny bubbles would sweat, hiss and burst. It was the same with ideas, he would sometimes reflect. Over the parched stick of the body there would descend at times a blackness, immense as it was terrible—a true dark night of the soul. It was then a case of waiting, waiting for the fire to seize the wood and break open the dry bark to reveal the centre gashed with heart's blood—the colour of the mystic. 'Behold I set my bow in the clouds'. Who had said that? Other memories of classrooms in the Grammar School in the Old Town Square returned. They were like the birds in that square, in pairs, singly, always under your feet, strutting, fluttering, preening their breasts, their ways as cooing and beguiling as the soft snow's down of their necks. Man's entire path lay among the clouds; if you kept your vision high above the castle whose granite strength could mock the ages, there was no need to trip. Yet, flying in at all angles, were the tempting voices that melted like breath into the wind. Capture them! Set them down! That was the aim. He could hear the horse-traffic drop a tone as the wheels of the carts struck the hollow of the bridge. One had but to write 'He stood at the window and looked down the street' and one knew that one was absolutely sure in one's beginning. 'The way to the centre [was] everywhere

equally short.' Quickening his pace that evening, Kafka hurried back to his father's shop in its baroque environment. The moment of inspiration was ready to be recorded.

The next morning he stood at the window and looked down the street. His desk was covered with sheets of foolscap. From where he sat, he could see the Russian church with its figures larger than life size. As the stone arms stretched out, the sun glinted on the bare shoulders; from here one had to take the ripening apples of the eyes on faith—just as each morning he took the presence of the statues on faith. Perhaps one day the miracle would occur and they would vanish, perhaps they would shrink into the columns on which they were supported becoming no more than those inanimate blocks out of which the sculptor had first fashioned them. And if they did, and he were to carve them in his mind, would they change their name, or shape, or life? But his father was calling him from a back room. Franz had a tailor's appointment that morning. Abstractions had to be put aside, because

it was impossible for me to manage any longer without some kind of evening clothes, particularly as I had to make up my mind whether I should join a dancing class or not. The tailor . . . was summoned and the style of the suit was discussed. As always in such cases I couldn't make up my mind, because I was always afraid that if I made a definite statement I might be rushed not only into some unpleasant next step but even further along into something still more frightful. So first of all I decided I wouldn't have a black suit; but when I was put to shame in front of the stranger by its being pointed out to me that I had no evening wear at all, I allowed the question of an evening-suit to be brought up; but as I felt that evening-dress was a revolution of my habits that one could just bear to hear mentioned, but could never allow to be realized, we decided on a dinner-jacket, which I thought at least I might be able to wear, because it was so like an ordinary jacket. But when I heard that the jacket had to be cut low, which meant I should have to wear a boiled shirt, I almost overstrained myself to decide against it, knowing that this kind of thing could be warded off. I didn't want that kind of dinner-jacket; I was prepared to have one lined with silk and with silk facings, if that had to be, but the jacket must button high. Such a dinner-jacket the tailor had never heard of, but he remarked that whatever kind of suit I was thinking of, it certainly couldn't be for going to dances in. Very well, then, it wasn't for going to dances in that I wanted it, I didn't want to dance at all in fact; that was a question which was far from being settled, but I did want to have a suit made like the one I described. What made the tailor even less capable of grasping my meaning

was that hitherto I had let myself be measured and fitted for new clothes in a kind of ashamed haste, without expressing any comments or desires. So the only thing left for me to do, particularly as my mother was insistent, was, embarrassing as it might be, to go with him across the Old Town Square to a window where I had seen a harmless dinner-jacket of this kind displayed for quite a long time; and had recognized it as the right thing for me. But unluckily it had already been taken out of the window, I couldn't see it anywhere inside, even after trying my hardest to peer into the shop; to walk into the shop solely to look at the dinner-jacket I didn't dare, so we had to go back in the same state of indecision. But I had the feeling that the futility of this journey had already cast a curse on the future dinner-jacket; at least I used the annoyance of all this humming and hahing as an excuse for sending the tailor away with some small order or other, and a few words of comfort about the dinner-jacket, and stayed behind, tired, to listen to my mother's reproaches, shut out for ever—from girls, making an elegant appearance, and balls.

Yet, masochistically and characteristically, the author concludes: 'The happiness which I felt about it at the same time made me feel miserable, and besides I was afraid I had made a bigger fool of myself in front of my tailor than any of his customers had done.' How curiously the happiness and the misery join together! How like a Kafka short story this extract from a diary reads! Indeed, how like his writing was his life.

At the back of his mind always lurked the fear of making a fool of himself—and yet, half at odds with the fear, was the desire to do so. Somewhere between Kierkegaard and Charlie Chaplin, two favoured stars in his firmament, he would take his position. For the fool like the philosopher is often on the periphery of society—the universal scapegoat of the masses. 'I would rather be a swineherd upon the flats of Amager,' declared Kierkegaard, 'than be a poet and be misunderstood of men.' That cry reached to Kafka's heart stirring the same kind of sympathy as had the early silent pictures of the little man whose only defence against the great battalions was a bowler hat, a walking-stick and a toothbrush moustache. For sanity's premium in the modern world is such that those who attempt to write calmly and philosophically must expect in return isolation and insult from the multitude. The brickbats of idler, dreamer, fool have driven many an author in the last hundred years to share the burden of the town or village idiot since, in the pursuit of their calling, so often they themselves have been mistaken for mad.

'A fool and his money are soon parted!' How often, as a child, a boy and a student, Kafka was to hear the proverbial wisdom of his father passed on, passed on with an endless clichéd rigmarole about how uphill life had been for him—and how easy it was for his son; how when he was ten he had been forced to push a cart round the village, very early and in the winter, to gather fuel—and here was his son lounging before the fire. To emphasize his meaning, to recall the ice-old time, the speaker would clap his arms about him as he had seen actors in Russian plays capture the frosty air of the Steppes. 'From your armchair you ruled the world,' his son would mutter bitterly as all the old self-righteous phrases rattled away—'Who nowadays knows anything about it! What do children know about it! Nobody else has been through it! Is there any of you . . . who really knows anything about it?' The six-year gap between Franz and the first of his sisters would draw out; the hollow cavity between would seem to roar as if it were possessed by the half-strangled cries of infants (two brothers, Heinrich and George, had died while still babies).

Maybe Kafka's father looked too much to his son for admiration and gratification. That would certainly be the worldly view. For in the early formative years the beautifully furnished rooms which he had won by the sweat of his brow—each move from house to house bringing with it new and added splendours—slowly filled the home with a 'poison-laden gas', a 'child-destroying atmosphere'; and if these phrases suggest strong obsessions, then it should be remembered that the greatest obsessions occur in childhood because when tables are at little more than eye-level it is precisely at this moment that the greatest magnifyings can occur and become accepted as normal. The child of parents perpetually on the make—so soon to be swallowed up by the vast middle class of any nation—continually looks with a certain nostalgia, if misunderstanding, at the poorer tenements of any town or city where life penetrates right to the centre—as indeed it did at the birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Living-room and drawing-room are not synonymous terms. Who would be little Lord Fauntleroy when he has a chance to be with Emil and the detectives?

So, to escape the poison and the destructive atmosphere, Kafka would resort to those long lonely walks which had made Prague as familiar to him as the palm of his own hand. Yet somewhere above the Chotek gardens the castle drew him as, when he was a tiny boy pulling at his mother's or nurse's skirts, he would try to

stop them from whisking him past the grey imposing bastions. This 'was the most beautiful place in the world' where 'the birds sang' and where above the battlements, with their ancient gallery, 'last year's leaves lay'. There was about it that darkness which sounds the full Gothic note. And how many times he recalled its languors in conversation with friends! How many entries there are about it in his letters, diaries and journals! Yet finally it is no more concrete to K. than it was for Franz Kafka in his life. In the end the central character of *The Castle* finds that there was only one tower so far as he could see—and whether it belonged 'to a dwelling house or a church he could not determine'. All he knows for certain—in as much as there can be any certainty in this world—is that 'swarms of crows were circling it'.

LETTERS FROM NEWMAN AND OTHERS TO SIR PETER LE PAGE RENOUF

(continued)

By KATHLEEN POND

XI

TOWARDS the close of the year 1857, Newman resigned his rectorship of the ill-fated Catholic University in Dublin. The venture had been not only ill-fated, but premature. Ireland was not ready for it and the lack of support which Newman encountered from the bishops and others made it impossible for him to continue in the rectorship. The story is well known. The following letter was written to Renouf on the appointment of Newman's successor, Dr. Woodlock:¹

The Oratory^{Bm}

May 3, 1861

My dear Renouf,

I congratulate you on your new Rector. It is an earnest that the Holy See does not relax in its earnestness to make the Catholic University efficient; and the appointment, being coupled with the provision for annual contributions, leaves one nothing to desire, as far as the *institution* goes, though *youths* must come before you are all right. Dr. McHale's absence was from the first a bird of good omen. I took it as something *positive*, (*damno aucti sumus*) when I saw it in the Paper, before knowing what had come of the Meeting.

As to your question, certainly "powers" is a clumsy word. As to "Professor" or "Possessor" I have not a word to say.

I think the passage means, that, when a Professor is ill &c. the Rector stands in his place. He has not the Professor's *duties*, for he is

¹ Bartholomew Woodlock was later Bishop of Ardagh. He was bishop-elect at the time Newman was made Cardinal and was at the English College, Rome, in the company that welcomed Newman on the occasion of his receiving the *Biglietto*, announcing his Red Hat, 12 May 1879 (Ward, *Life*, II, p. 464, n. 1).

not *bound* to lecture for him; but he fills the Professor's position, sits in his chair, has his rights &c, from which indirectly follows the duty of doing personally what he can instead of him.

He has a general responsibility and superintendence over the *whole* machine—and this sentence was intended to give him the means of fulfilling this general duty in a particular emergency without feeling delicacy, e.g. he can take his place at the meeting of the particular Faculty to which the Professor belongs, can take part in drawing up a new Lecture-table to meet the difficulty—might change the Professor's order of subjects, without the latter having a right to complain on his regaining his health—might himself lecture on a subject, which the Professor had reserved for another term, &c, &c. I state what comes uppermost—in order to answer your letter without the delay of a post. I hope I am intelligible.

It grieves me to hear of Dr Dunne's illness. I don't conceive the Regulation gives the Rector the power of appointing another Professor to the work.

Ever y^{rs} aff^{ly}
John H. Newman

From the first published list of professors, it would appear that Dr. Dunne held the Chair of Logic.

XII

The Oratory^{Bm}
April 11. 1862

My dear Renouf,

I inclose a cheque, which Arnold has endorsed, containing the remuneration due to you for your kindness to us in taking his Lecture.

Fr. St John has had a letter lying by him for your brother-in-law in Germany these many weeks—begging him to pay us a visit. It has not gone, simply I believe because both he and I have been so preternaturally busy. I have lasted on well to this week, when I have broken down with a severe cold and have been confined to my bed. I write to you in my dressing-gown—which is a proof of my convalescence. I shall get St John to send his letter, now that the holydays give him a breathing time.

I rejoice at the brighter prospects of the University—and have gazed with admiration on the Hieroglyphics of your article in the *Atlantis*.

Give all kind messages from me to Mrs. Renouf, and to the little man, now I suppose almost big enough for a volunteer, if there were such things in Ireland, who got on so uncommonly well with me in the guest room of the Oratory.

It is not true that Zamoyski languishes in a Russian prison. Nothing

of the kind. I met his brother in London, & he assured me to the contrary.

Best remembrances to all my friends & believe in

Ever y^{rs} aff^{ly}

John H. Newman
of the Oratory

The Mr. Thomas Arnold here referred to was brother to Matthew Arnold and Professor of English Literature in the Dublin University. The *Atlantis* was the Catholic review, uncontroversial in tone, founded in 1857.

XIII

The Oratory School, referred to in the first paragraph of this letter, was founded in 1859.

The Oratory Bm

July 19/62

My dear Renouf,

I ought to have written to you long ago—but have been full of work. Today our boys are melting away for the vacation—and I avail myself of my first hours of liberty to write to you.

Thank you for the subject of your letter. Alas—I am little likely to trouble publishers to find translators of my books—for what I have said above shows how my time is taken up. And now, after overwork (which is almost dangerous at my age) I want a little rest of mind in my short vacation.

The translator, who has been good enough to employ himself upon me has been found by M. Dachen of Cologne. He is a priest, knows English well, and is a patron of my work. I almost think I heard you say that *Callista* was well translated. He has been out of health lately, and someone else has taken his place—but I have no reason to suppose he is not equal to it.

I wish you all joy and satisfaction on your great day, to-morrow. I hope you will have fine weather.

Ever y^{rs} aff^{ly}

John H. Newman
of the Oratory

The following letter refers to Renouf's appointment as Chief Inspector of Catholic Schools throughout the country for Her Majesty's government:

XIV

Private

The Oratory Bm

March 14/64

My dear Renouf,

I had not heard of your today's news—I congratulate you upon it, because you would not have taken the appointment, had you not wished it; but I cannot congratulate the Catholic body. It is a great shame that men like you should have to leave their studies for such work as you will have; a crying shame.

Now as to your request, I will do just what you would wish me to do. But you must *define* just what you wish of me; and must be quite sure that I shall be doing you good.

It is not necessary, I suspect, to tell the Bishops of your *abilities*—I had seen the paragraph in the Register, & it startled me as I read it. "It is rumoured that a nomination by the Lord President has already been made, and is now waiting the *acquiescence* or *refusal* of the Committee". And then it goes on to say that the Committee are merely the organ of the Bishops. When I read this, I said to myself "What then? is there to be a vetoing?" not suspecting who it was.

Under these circumstances, the Cardinal (Wiseman) & Dr Cullen would be, I should think, irresistible—but I much doubt if I should not damage you. Not all the Bishops have acted in a friendly way to me—and even some of them, with whom I am on the best terms, might not think it an improvement that a candidate was a friend of mine. Therefore you must tell me definitely what you wish me to dwell upon. Not at all liking Mr Lowe, I yet may think of the duties of an officer of government not in quite the same way as the Bishops do.

Ever yours affectly

John H Newman
of the Oratory

In 1868 Renouf published an essay on the case of Pope Honorius,¹ having consulted Newman the previous year as to the advisability of writing it. When the pamphlet appeared, it was an attack on papal infallibility, not then, of course, defined. The following letter was Newman's reaction on publication of the pamphlet, which was eventually placed on the Index. Renouf's points were answered by a Dutchman, the Rev. J. A. van Beek, and also by an Italian priest, Fr. Paolo Botalla. Renouf defended his point of view in a second pamphlet 'The Case of Pope Honorius

¹ Pope Honorius (625-633/4) was condemned by the Third Council of Constantinople for having favoured Monothelite views. Although his letter to Sergius was official, he was not then speaking *ex cathedra*. See *Catholic Dictionary* (London, 1903, etc.) art. *Honorius*.

reconsidered with reference to recent Apologies'. This appeared in 1869. In November of the same year, Bishop Thomas Grant, of Southwark, wrote to Renouf, asking for 'filial acceptance of the papal decree on his book on Honorius' and offered himself to bear any pecuniary loss which Renouf might sustain by so doing. Renouf consented.

XV

The Oratory B

June 21. 1868

My dear Renouf,

I read your Pamphlet yesterday, and found it to have the completeness and force which I had expected in it.

It is very powerful as an argument and complete as a composition. I certainly did not know how strong a case could be made out against Pope Honorius. But with all its power, I do not find it seriously interferes with my own view of Papal Infallibility; and its completeness is in part due to your narrowing the compass of your thesis and is in part compromised by your devious attacks on writers who differ from you.

However, after all that can be said of you by opponents, I am glad you have published it.

1. I am glad you have had the boldness to publish on the subject, because I think it intolerable that one side of a question should be ostentatiously obtruded on us in the DUBLIN REVIEW and elsewhere, as the one Catholic Faith, and that unauthoritative writers should hold a pistol to our ear after the fashion of "Your money or your life", when there is another side with as real a right to be heard and to make converts, if it can, and with, in times past, as great a following of theologians; and because I consider this intolerable state of things is occasioning the loss of souls. Though I myself consider the Pope's formal definitions of faith to be infallible, I rejoice to see a pamphlet which has the effect of reminding the world that his infallibility is not a dogma, but a theological opinion.

2. In one respect, however, you resemble the writer of the DUBLIN articles, and it is the first of the points on which I shall criticize you; viz. you do not complete your theory. *He* is evidently afraid to complete *his*, lest, when carried out, it should appear like Novatianism, to be constituting a Church within a Church, or, like the Evangelicals of this day, to be pronouncing that not all Catholic Priests "preach the gospel". Indeed, what else can he mean when he asserts or implies that large bodies of Catholics are in such sense heretics, as only to be saved by invincible ignorance? You on the other hand tell us that the Pope is not infallible, but there you leave us. Depend upon it, others will draw conclusions for you, if you will not draw your own. For Fr. Ryder's statements this at least may be said, that they leave no question to be asked

of him, and no difficulty which he has not at least treated. This is what I mean above by your narrowing your thesis.

3. And I will mention another point, in which I think your argument is wanting, even on its own selected ground. Facts are disproved in two ways; by adverse experiments, and by adverse testimony. The supernatural facts, which the Church teaches, are for the most part only open to objections under the latter head, because they *are* supernatural. We cannot prove or disprove by experiment the contrast which faith holds to exist between the states of a soul before and after baptism. The obvious exception to this rule lies in the proof of the doctrine of infallibility. Thus you have in your particular subject a peculiarity, which, for the sake of clearness, you should, I think, have insisted on. The offhand answer which will be made to you is, that you do not take into account the development of doctrine. This objection is important; it touches the second of your two heads of argument,—for instance, your argument from St Cyprian's opposition to St Stephen; but it does not touch your first. No theory of doctrinal development can touch the fact, if it be a fact, that Pope Honorius formally taught heresy.

4. When I said you went out of your way to give opponents a handle against you, instead of strictly keeping to the point of your argument, I meant your pronouncing that "the arguments used by the first apologists of Pope Honorius cannot have been sincerely believed by their author": p. 7—that Baronius "invented an abjuration"; p. 12 that he and Bellarmine used "disrespectful language of an Ecumenical Council", p. 9 where they seem to have been only using a *reductio ad absurdum*; and that Fr. Perrone has "asserted an untruth" under the mask of "contemptible quibbling", p. 24.

And now, if I am not tiring you, I will tell you why you do not touch, or very slightly touch, my own view of the subject; and I suppose what I hold is in fact what many others hold also.

1. I hold the Pope's Infallibility, not as a dogma, but as a theological opinion; that is, not as a certainty, but as a probability. You have brought out a grave difficulty in the way of the doctrine; that is, you have diminished its probability, but you have only diminished it. To my mind the balance of probabilities is still in favour of it. There are vast difficulties, taking facts as they are, in the way of denying it. In a question, which is anyhow surrounded with difficulties, it is the least of difficulties to maintain that, if we knew *all about* Honorius's case, something would be found to turn up to make it compatible with the doctrine. I recollect Dr Johnson's saying, "There are unanswerable objections to a plenum, and unanswerable objections to a vacuum, yet one or the other must be true."

2. Again, anyhow the doctrine of Papal Infallibility must be fenced round and limited by *conditions*. The gift must be defined, and the circumstances of its exercise. Even Ward excepts "obiter dicta"; and what are and what are not such, have to be determined. Pighuis himself would not say that the Pope was infallible in his Table Talk or in the compliments he pays to the French soldiery. If we make his own inten-

tion the test, still we have to find out the intrinsic notes determining the fact of his intention. The Editor of "the Raccolta" decides that Leo X did *not* mean the Sacro-sanctae to be an Indulgence, *because* it gains for the reciter the forgiveness of his defects in saying office. Mgr. Sarra, in his book on Indulgences, which Fr. St John has lately translated, asserts in like manner that, when the Pope in certain forms of Indulgence distinctly declares that he remits guilt, he really does not mean to do so, for such doctrine would be against the Catholic Faith. This then is our large condition, which all Ultra-montanes acquiesce in and exercise, whether they will or no, viz—that, when the Pope uses words which, taken in their obvious meaning, are uncatholic, he either must not be intending to speak *ex cathedra*, or must not mean what he seems to mean. But, if this be so, Ultramontanes and Gallicans differ only in the number and stringency of the conditions to which they subject the Pope's Infallibility. Bossuet, I suppose, would receive a definition of the Pope, to which the Bishops of the Universal Church had *afterwards* bona fide consulted. If you prove on the one hand that Pope Honorius committed himself to a heresy, I can prove without difficulty on the other, that the Pope, in violation of Fr. Perrone's condition, acted without consulting his natural advisers.¹

Ever yr most sincerely,
John H. Newman

A letter from Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle to Renouf and one from Richard Simpson to Mrs. Renouf are given here instead of in their chronological sequence, since both refer to the Honorius case.

XVI

Garendon Park,
Loughborough,
Oct. 13, 1869

My dear Mr Renouf,

I am always glad when anything brings me into communication with you, I only wish such occasions occurred oftener. I have already had through other quarters applications in reference to the Royal Commission on Historical Documents. I do not think that among my own family papers, there is anything of much value, as unfortunately some Papers that would have had that character have been lost: and these belonged to the period of the Stuarts, when one of my distant grandfathers, Sir William Lisle, was Equerry to Charles 2nd during his exile on the Continent before he succeeded to the English Throne—I have an old Chartulary of Garendon Abbey, a Cistercian Mitred Abbey formerly existing here, but this has already been published in

¹ This letter was quoted in Ward's *Life of Newman* (ii, p. 236), but not in full.

Nichols's County History of Leicestershire. There are several valuable Papers referring to my Family the "De Lisles" in the Record Office of which a Friend of mine procured me *copies* with the seal of that office, but these do not come within the Category of the Royal Commission.

With regard to Sir Clifford Constable's Papers, I have heard that they are very valuable, but when formerly visiting him at his seat Burton Constable in Yorkshire, I never saw them—and tho' he is a Cousin of Mrs de Lisle, I am not sufficiently intimate to communicate with him on the subject. I should think Mr Stevenson might do this through some other channel. Has any application been made to Lord Heries? I believe he possesses very curious Papers relating to the times and adventures of Prince Charles Edward &c and the famous Countess of Nitheisdale.

Have you ever published anything further on the Question of Pope Honorius? The Papal Infallibility controversy seems waxing hotter—I fear Father Hyacinthe's uncanonical Proceedings will not have aided the cause he espoused. As far as my own poor apprehension of Catholic Doctrine goes, infallibility is a collective, Corporate Attribute, belonging to the collective Deliberations of the Pastors of the Catholic Church, as Successors of the 12 Apostles and inheritors of Christ's promise to the 12 "and Lo! I am with you all Days even unto the end of the world". It is a gift promised to the Body, in it's corporate action, but not personal to anyone as *distinct* from the Body in that action tho' officially belonging to All in so far as each and All act conjunctively and corporately. Thus the Roman Bishop as Successor of S. Peter, whom all Antiquity calls Prince of the Apostles, would have the highest Personal Share indeed in the collective gift, but this would not exempt him from the possibility of error, and would account for those occasional facts of erring in the History of the Papacy. And all other Bishops would have a personal share also, equally compatible with personal errancy. But in the collective Corporate Action of the whole Body, under the Presidency of a Successor of S. Peter (if one were alive at the time) there would either be Infallibility or the Promises of Christ would have failed. This is my old fashioned mode of expressing what I embraced 45 years ago at the age of 15. Pardon me, if I have bored you, and believe me, very sincerely y^{rs}

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle

XVII

Hotel Royal, Bonn

July 24

Dear Mrs Renouf,

What a pity that we did not know your whereabouts before! I have just got a note from P. le P. R. to tell me your address, but we have already got half way back! I called yesterday, on the strength of our acquaintance, on Dieringer (is that how his name is spelled?) and

he received me in most friendly wise. He had "Honorius" which he declared to be a *Meisterwerk* (excuse me if I spell German words and names all nohow); somebody is going to review it in the *Literatur-blatt*. I asked if he would not have it translated. No, he said, our Bishops would have it upon their Index in a moment. A rather amusing occurrence took place with regard to the pamphlet between Father de Buck the Bollandist and me. Buck approves of the pamphlet, but does not profess to have gone into the subject, and is rather shut up by another Bollandist assuring him that the position may be turned. However he was much disturbed by the way in which his predecessor Stilling is mentioned in the note p. 44. 'Mais, said Buck, c'est une des meilleures têtes du siècle dernier', and we walked into the library to have a look at him. On opening him, the first thing we found was that he reckons Constantius as one who disputes the genuineness of Honorius' letters—So I showed him how Renouf puts the same name into the list of those who admit it. Now says I, here is a test; let us see who is right, Renouf or Stilling. Buck was as cock-sure as any honest man could be of the honesty of his predecessor; and when we turned to Constant(ius) & saw the truth, he would hardly believe his eyes, and in the midst of his confusion I bade him adieu—I have not seen him since, but I surmise he will have discovered that Stilling lumps together 4 letters, one of which is undoubtedly spurious, while 3 are genuine; & that Constant lumps together only these three; so that the two people are speaking of different things or rather different wholes. But I intend to return to the charge when I get back to Brussels again.

We are just now impatient for dinner, so I must conclude with Mary's best love,

Ever yours truly

R. Simpson

XVIII

The following letter may well refer to the Honorius controversy, although I have found no evidence of this in the correspondence:

The Oratory

Dec. 17. 1868

My dear Renouf,

I am sorry you do not approve of my letter.

I will say nothing at the moment, but shall ask you to be so kind as to send my letter back to me.

Yours affectly

John H. Newman

of the Oratory

XIX

Again, the correspondence throws no light on the particular reference for which Renouf had asked :

The Oratory
Aug. 9 1869

My dear Renouf,

Fr. St John being away, I opened your letter to him. Fr. Ryder has made the reference, which I hope you will find sufficient. I was glad to see your handwriting.

Yours affectly
John H. Newman

XX

In 1883 Mrs. and Miss Renouf were in Rome and Newman wrote the following letter on their behalf to Monsignor Macchi :

Birmingham
Jan^y 31. 1883

My dear Rt. Rev. Monsignor Macchi,

I recommend to your kind attention, of which I have had so many instances, the wife and daughter of the wellknown Egyptologist Mr le Page Renouf, both of them highly educated ladies, Miss Renouf having distinguished herself in Greek & Latin Literature at the University of Cambridge, and Mrs Renouf moreover being a relative of the late Cardinal Reisach.

Is it possible to obtain for them an audience with the Holy Father before they leave Rome, which will be at an early date?

You will kindly excuse my writing in English, with which, however, I believe you are familiar, but my own poor acquaintance with Italian would cause me to take more days in writing than my friends remain in Rome.

I am, My dear Monsignor,
Your faithful humble Servant,
John H. Card. Newman

The Rt. Rev.
Monsignor Macchi

XXI

The property at Rednal referred to in this letter was purchased by Newman from the surplus of funds contributed by Catholics in England to meet the expenses of the Achilli trial.

The Oratory
August 24, 1884

My dear Renouf,

I am mortified that I cannot say at once "Come". At medical pressure, I am out (except to-day) at our country cottage now for several weeks. Also to-morrow week I have to sit for my picture, I suppose continuously. But I sh^d be glad to see you. What do you mean by a "convenient" time? Come if you can. Direct to me "Rednall, Bromsgrove". Rednall is 8 miles from Edgbaston.

Y^{rs} affectly
J. H. Card. Newman

XXII

In 1886, Renouf was appointed Keeper of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum:

No place. Postmark Birmingham
Mar. 27 1886

My dear Renouf,

Private

I rejoice to hear of your merited appointment, and I wish my finger were in a better state to express, as I should like, my sense of its fittingness and the advantage which Archaeology will derive from it. But I fear you have heard very mistaken accounts of my temporal possessions. I would gladly do any service to you if it were in my power—but I have not a shilling of income from Rome—I have not a shilling in English or foreign funds. I am bound up with the Oratory here, so that its wants are my wants—our school has never paid its way, and, beyond an annuity, I can't promise nor [? now] a part of so large a sum as £750, and I am near my end and would not leave on my representatives so great a burden.

I am sure you will pardon me in writing you what you may read as an abrupt answer, but my hand obliges me to be brief.

Yours affectly
J. H. Card. Newman

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE UNPOPULAR VIRTUE"

Chastity, Vol. V of *Religious Life*. Translated by Lancelot C. Sheppard.
(Blackfriars Publications. 16s.)

THE fifth volume in the series *Problèmes de la Religieuse d'aujourd'hui* is a report on conferences in Paris convened for the assistance of religious. The contributors are experts in their own spheres. The translation is clear and good. The matter is of the highest importance; indeed, no Superior, Novice Mistress or confessor of nuns can afford to neglect this book. It tells 'what every nun ought to know', if the slightly ribald association may be excused.

That I am writing this review on the Isle of Capri only serves to emphasize the timeliness of the subject. For the healthy-minded girl, living in a world which is at least sincere in its paganism, will be attracted to consecrated chastity and persevere in it, only if she sees it in its evangelical and apostolic setting, free from shibboleths and shams.

From shibboleths and shams the good Lord has delivered this book, as well as the Island of Goats, and also from an excessively psychological approach. Being practical Christians, we start from objective truths and try to grasp them, but we do not forget that they are given to human persons. So the first part of this work is concerned with a history of Religious Chastity. There are intelligent studies of the data in the Old and New Testaments and of the development of the fundamental notions in the thought of the Eastern and Western Fathers, and in their liturgical and canonical settings. Particularly noticeable are the summing-up and reopening of these ideas in St. Augustine, who put before virgins the co-relative state of spiritual motherhood, insisted that consecrated virginity, being a pure gift, cannot be dissociated from humility, and so set the emphasis on the consecration. For mere virginity is inferior to marriage, since married love is stable and the virgin's is not, but consecration fixes the heart in love, after which there is no love more sublime.

Part Two brings us on to Theology and Canon Law, where we encounter three fine Dominican studies: 'The Mystery of Virginity', by

A. M. Henry, O.P. ; 'The Virtue and Vow of Chastity', by P. Hermand, O.P. ; and 'Virginity, and the Theological Virtue', by M.-J. le Guillou, O.P. Some quotations will show their quality :

'A chaste man is free in relation to his sexuality. Chastity provides him with an independence and an autonomy which operates in favour of his freedom of choice. . . . Such formulas as "the chaste life" . . . "the sexual life in conformity with right reason", a "human sexual life" have an identical significance. These equivalents must be fully understood for a proper conception of sexual morality. This is the very opposite of a morality of "commandments". It is a morality of "virtue", that is, of self-training, and in this case precisely of sexual training.' 'In practice, chastity may first be envisaged as conjugal chastity.' 'Acquired chastity, the work of reason, is not sufficient to set on the right path a flesh which must not be only "humanized" but also "evangelized"'. The "evangelization" is the work of supernatural chastity which is fundamentally a pure gift of God. . . . Infused chastity cannot take the place of acquired chastity. Ordinarily they should be complementary. . . . In the normal course of events, when acquired virtue fails, infused virtue is practically paralysed The absence of acquired charity is exceedingly prejudicial for most people. Married people may well possess sanctifying grace and infused chastity, and from their marriage sacrament they may have the actual graces they need, but, if they have only a rudimentary acquired chastity, is it not to be feared that, for most of them, the whole organism of imposed virtues will be paralysed? Is not this the tragedy of so many young boys and girls when they come to marry? Their sexuality is hardly under control, or is repressed, which comes to the same thing, since its repression removes it from the possibility of enlightenment by reason and there can be no question of asceticism, and so, of the acquisition of chastity.' 'Consecrated virginity is as far removed from bachelorhood as it is from marriage.'

In other words, negative chastity is very dull, positive chastity a high adventure. And so we come to the relation of consecrated virginity to hope, 'the virtue of non-possession, of trust in God'. 'The person who is consecrated to God knows that he is loved by God ; this gives an ever-growing note of confidence . . . an increasingly joyous character to his eagerness'. Without hope, virginity goes, for hope means generosity. Finally, what of our duty to love, to show affection, a duty imposed by all that is natural and supernatural? 'Virginity is authentic and flourishes only in the service of love. . . . If the motto of virginity is in fact "God alone", it is important to understand it properly. It is impossible to belong to God completely without belonging by this very fact to all beings which in his gratuitous love he has created. Virginity by surrendering itself to God, surrenders itself to all men. . . . One

thinks of the wonderful saying of the Curé d'Ars: "the heart of the saints is molten".'

If all this is so, as it is, then 'one consecrated to God who does not live on the level of the theological virtues tends inevitably to seek compensations'. A later study in this book shows with ruthless clarity—it is written by a nun—how many and variously disguised are the emotional compensations which may be sought and what may be their causes and remedies. It also follows from the connexion of faith, hope and charity with chastity that to fight temptation on its own level is to be defeated. 'Temptation or sin should make us return to Christ's gratuitous love, which entirely surrounds us.' Finally, 'there is no question of mutilation, of repressing man's affections, the most beautiful side of his nature, but of harmonizing all in the splendour of charity'.

And so we are led to the fourth of these theological studies: 'Mary, Virgin and Mother, model of the woman consecrated to God', by Paul-Marie de la Croix, O.C.D. There is a danger that a nun may consider her virginity negatively, and that is the way to vanity and a failure in development which destroy real religion. For to consider virginity as an end in itself 'is wrong—not only religiously speaking but also humanly speaking. Virginity is usually the preparation of a girl for the right development of the woman that she is to be; therefore, virginity brings a perfect balance of body and mind only for a short time. If woman's needs and faculties do not find their fulfilment in marriage and motherhood, this wealth waiting to spend itself in love and service becomes . . . frustrated femininity.' To put it slightly differently, it means childishness, which is not childlikeness. Consecrated virginity in a true vocation has the power to surmount the danger and give all the faculties to the balanced service of love. The nun becomes the 'bride of Christ' and Mother. But there is a danger that she may forget that she is only at the beginning of the sacrifice which these titles imply. If she claims their privileges without conforming with their obligations, she would have done better in the humble service of an ordinary state of life. Now it is just here that she needs and is given her model in Mary, humble wife and mother, whose virginity is essentially a surrender of herself to God in charity, a reality of generosity, not a state of ignorance artificially preserved, the foundation for a life of utter un-possessiveness, not a refusal of life but an acceptance of all the implications of life for God, winning her spiritual motherhood by the Cross. This study is perhaps the most fundamental in the book.

We now come to the third part: Psychological and Medical Aspects. 'The nun does not repudiate in herself the bio-psychological foundation in which her capacity for love is rooted.' "This English woman is so refined, she has no bosom, and no behind." The type is, alas, all too familiar. But such sexless things do not make good nuns. The valuable study 'Psychological Aspects of Chastity', by Dr. Suzy Rousset, contains

this paragraph: 'a whole series of failures in the religious life originates in an unhealthy or wrong idea of the vow of chastity, which contains an internal defect. When chastity is looked on as the primary asset and the principal virtue round which all life is organized, the quality of the vocation should be suspected. The vow of chastity lived in this ego-centric way is the sign of a retarded personality.' Dr. Rousset gives an account of the development of affectivity and its deviations. The next chapter by a Prioress-General is thoroughly down-to-earth. It is entitled 'Instruction and formation in chastity at various stages of the religious life.' She considers—with some case-histories—the various groups of young nuns and the corresponding education and help needed for them: those from sheltered homes who are quite uninformed and are likely to have a crisis in the sexual life between the ages of thirty and forty—they need thorough instruction; those who have lost their virginity, in which case one must distinguish degrees of culpability; it is essential that what happened should not be felt as a 'guilty secret' but shared with some superior of great kindness who really loves souls; those—thank God, the majority—who are normal and balanced and will win completion through their trials without serious disturbance. The difficulties of the menopause are also considered; and there is much wise advice for superiors and confessors.

Other chapters deal with other medical aspects of the Unpopular Virtue. Here are some quotations from the one on 'Hygiene and Chastity': 'in general, health is a support on the way to sanctity'; 'the importance of a good diet must be emphasized'; 'lack of appetite may be the sign of disorders for which superiors should be on the watch, for appetite is an excellent criterion of the physical, mental and even moral health of their sisters'; and of course 'the body should be washed all over every day'. St. Teresa of Avila is also quoted: 'with regard to the woollen tunic that you desire to wear throughout the summer, it is folly. Do me the favour of leaving it off'. The chapter on 'Mortification of the Senses,' by François de Saint-Marie, O.C.D., makes no bones about the reality required but is positive and anti-Jansenist. 'A whole new aspect of Christian revelation concerning the sanctity of the world and the dignity of the human body has been shown us. . . . The nervous state of subjects must be reckoned with. An additional obligation has appeared in the sphere of Christian asceticism, the need for distraction and nervous relaxation. . . . Instead of the unconditional formula "never do this", "never do that", a subtler emphasis is now required: "There is a time for this, there is a time for that." This form surely enables us to make contact once more with the profound rhythm on which human life is based.' The dangers of undue severity or artificiality in collective asceticism are indicated and contrasted with the prudent re-adaptation to the conditions of more modern life shown in the great monastic rules like that of St. Benedict, who wished austeri-

ties to be so tempered that the weak were not crushed, and the strong were left the possibility of doing more. For 'we must never forget that renunciation is the inverse of a positive movement of love'. St. Teresa of the Child Jesus is of course the great modern teacher here.

This admirable book even contains 'a note on gymnastics and the Vittoz Method' and also deals with some of the practical problems of the religious habit. In conclusion, there is one chapter (by Henri Bissonier) that we would like to emphasize. It deals with the co-operation necessary between religious superior, priest and doctor in cases where the vow of chastity is inadvisable. It attacks the cruel superstition—which can exist among religious as well as doctors—that nuns who have to leave should be told that marriage is a panacea for their troubles. To offer a neurotic, who has perhaps lost her charms, and has had to give up an ideal abandoned with regret, the alternative of a loveless marriage or of remaining ill, is a horrible act of cruelty. And what of the poor husband and children! If marriage is to come, it must be an ideal of love approached only at the right moment. But there are many whose stability will be found in a heart still given to God alone and a spiritual motherhood in the conditions which are His will. The charity of a community finds one of its tests in the loving care of the hearts who have left the enclosure of its walls.

The Holy Father has been appealing for religious vocations and for the adaptations required to make such vocations appeal in the modern world. This book marks an important step towards attaining these ends.

E. B. STRAUSS

BENEFIT OF CLERGY

Black Popes: Authority, its Use and Abuse. By Archbishop Roberts, S.J. (Longmans, Green & Co. 8s. 6d.)

THIS is not only an explanation and most persuasive defence of ecclesiastical authority but, what is most unusual from a Catholic writer, a frank admission of its inevitable human abuse not only in the remote past but at the present day. Much, however, might be done to remove abuses, it is argued, if once more the action of authority could be criticized openly by its subjects. In short, we are invited to rid ourselves of 'the modern convention associating criticisms of clergy with heresy or rebellion'. Only an Archbishop, probably, could propose such a reform without being censured as disloyal. We owe him a debt of gratitude for coming forward.

It may perhaps be replied that, though criticism within the family is healthy, it is disloyal to criticize the family to outsiders. Catholic books, however, can be and usually are read by non-Catholics. The

Archbishop does not deal with this objection. My own reply would be that the belief that Catholics are bound to regard every utterance or decision of ecclesiastical authority as infallible is likely to cause far greater scandal to intelligent non-Catholics than frank admission of human frailty among the clergy.

The Archbishop, one observes, criticizes directly no Pope later than Clement XIV, whose despicable character and hideous injustice towards the Jesuits are unsparingly depicted. There is an indirect criticism of the Papal action which compelled Cardinal Billot to resign his red hat. But surely the condemnation of the *Action Française* was not only justified but necessary. Could nothing be said of Cardinal Antonelli, or even of the well-intentioned but regrettable encouragement of delation by Pope St. Pius X? A father does not invite one child to spy on another and tell tales of him anonymously. I was myself one of a group publicly denounced by Bishop Burton of Clifton for attempting to spread during the first world war the pleas for a negotiated peace made by Pope Benedict XV, which, had they been accepted, would have spared humanity the appalling tale of suffering, death and ruin which resulted from the fight to a finish. In this case, paradoxically, the refusal to permit the laity to criticize the Bishops amounted to asserting the right of a national Bishop to ignore and, so far as he could, to suppress official utterances by the Holy See.

Archbishop Roberts' criticism of the abuse of authority leads up inevitably to a final question which he does not raise. I should like to raise it here in the hope that on some other occasion he may reply.

Outside tyrannies, abuse of authority is checked not only by criticism but by the knowledge that the claim of authority to obedience is limited, that however ill-defined there is a point at which refusal of obedience is justified. What of ecclesiastical authority? Actually, as the Archbishop tells us, it was a schismatic ruler with very little religion, Catherine of Russia, who saved the Society of Jesus from total destruction by refusing to allow the Papal brief of suppression to be published in her dominions. Would a Catholic sovereign, convinced of the injustice of the suppression and the great damage it must do to the Catholic religion, have been justified in defying the Pope and taking the same action? Was Mary Tudor justified when she flatly refused to accept Paul IV's choice of Peto, a decrepit and senile man, as Legate? Would not a Catholic ruler have been justified in refusing the Papal command to persecute heretics and burn men alive?

Since the discussion of the abuse of authority is the most novel and controversial feature of *Black Popes*, I have dealt with it at some length. But I fear that in doing so I have given a false picture of the book, which like all wise and fruitful writing is more positive than negative. It would be difficult, indeed, to improve upon the explanation of religious obedience as exemplified by the Jesuits. This much maligned

Society is shown to present as perfect a combination of authority and safeguards for its exercise as is possible with fallible and imperfect mortals. And so we are led on to the Archbishop's picture of Christian authority as Christ intended it to be and it as has been and is the partly-realized and ever-present ideal, the authority of the father over his children deriving from the divine authority of our Father in heaven.

This in turn introduces the three final chapters where all questions of ecclesiastical government are left behind in the contemplation of this Divine Fatherhood, the Father revealed as eternal love of His Son expressed since the Incarnation by love of His Son made man, the Father traduced by false doctrines of a wrath to be appeased only by directing it against His innocent Son (a Protestant view which unfortunately infiltrated into the Catholic Church), and the Father vindicated by His redemption and restoration of fallen man in such fashion that the final good achieved exceeds that of a continued impeccability.

If the earlier chapters combine Catholic apologetic with salutary Catholic self-criticism, these final chapters invite the reader to something far deeper and even more valuable, prayer, adoring meditation or, shall we say, contemplation of a heavenly Father's love. Only if the book is read and appreciated as a whole is it read aright.

E. I. WATKIN

APOLOGETICS

The Problem of Jesus. By Jean Guitton. (Burns & Oates. 21s.)

WE have M. Guitton's own testimony that *Le Problème de Jesus*, of which his own abridgement has been translated with insight and ability by the late A. Gordon Smith, cost him an enormous strain of mind and will. Something of this strain must inevitably be reproduced in the mind of the careful reader who constantly resists the temptation to skip the arguments and turn to the conclusions. Yet resistance is worth the effort, for M. Guitton really does get inside the minds both of the critical sceptic and of the myth-theorist and deftly makes the point that the conclusions of either school are proved unsatisfactory by the premisses of the other. The genesis of theories put forward since Renan by those who do not accept the Christian revelation as objectively and historically true is a kind of Hegelian dialectic which never issues into synthesis, *Renan autem genuit Loisy, Loisy autem genuit Couchard*, and the particular value of M. Guitton's study is the demonstration that while neither of the opposing theories is satisfactory from its own internal logic or historical probability, yet both refuse to be reconciled. We are left with a dilemma, either to dismiss the Gospels and the accounts of primitive Christian communities as late fabrications, or to

accept the Christian revelation as the Catholic Church interprets and teaches it. Those for whom the former alternative is valid, the great majority for whom the religion of Jesus has no relevance, must face the charge that such choice can only be justified by insufficient consideration of the facts.

If this were all, the rest would be easy; unfortunately experience demonstrates all too plainly that it is by no means all. For every ten who may find M. Guitton's argument compelling, there will be a hundred whom the sense of compulsion will escape. Reasons may be found for this, phrases assigned to the reasons—lack of intellectual candour, of the will to believe and so on—but the fact of the refusal remains. It was, perhaps, not the author's intention to show that subjective faith is a joint act of the human will and the grace of God, but the presentation of the arguments leaves the impression of an over-facile assumption that they have only to be read and understood to be accepted and that, once accepted, there is no escape from faith. How few in fact come to the Faith by such a progress serves to underline the experience of those whose business it is to instruct converts, that the greatest obstacles to faith are sentimental and prejudicial ones. For anyone troubled by honest doubts of the logic either of the critical or mythical theories of the rise of the Christian religion, *The Problem of Jesus* is an important book the conclusions of which cannot be disregarded.

The sceptic who holds that there is an *a priori* impossibility to the entrance of the supernatural into the historical scene and in consequence concludes that the supernatural elements in the Gospels must be regarded as interpolations by later writers who made it their business to commend the cult of Jesus, is buttonholed by the author and not allowed to escape until his theories have been subjected to a merciless fire of criticism. It is one of the engaging properties of the book that it thinks aloud, the reader becomes conscious of overhearing a conversation, but it has the drawback of all conversations; to understand it fully one must always be recalling the beginning, and it is part of the strain imposed to have constantly to turn back to see again where the argument started. M. Guitton leaves his opponent in no doubt of the issue, to empty the Gospel narrative of all supernatural content is to have a portrait of Jesus which is not even human, to admit the Passion to be wholly credible, the Resurrection wholly incredible, is to accept and to reject at once the trustworthiness, balance and sanity of the witnesses; there can be no stopping half-way, either Christ was superhuman or He was subhuman.

To the mythological school of critics the author puts the poser, why, if Jesus never existed as a historical figure, did the gospel writers go to so much trouble to put His imaginary life against a background of so much accurate topography, why were they so careful to get the political and social background right? The later one dates the invention the

greater the impossibility of such accuracy—Jerusalem was destroyed in A.D. 70—the earlier one puts it the more difficult to explain the credence it obtained among contemporaries who were familiar with the historical *mise-en-scène*. As M. Guitton rightly says, the earliest of St. Paul's Epistles is anterior in date to St. Mark's Gospel, but the theology of the Epistles would be unintelligible to any but those who were aware of what is related as historical fact in the Gospel. Moreover it is hard to see how the myth-making imagination either alone or with borrowings could have created the Jesus of the Gospels, so human in His background, His contacts, and His understanding that His legend conveys a strong impression of verisimilitude and of historical form. The ground is less sure here, we have left the relentless logic with which the historical critic was assailed for the more evanescent region of imagination, of external for internal logic and the reasons appear so much the less compelling.

The second part of the book is concerned with the apologetic of the Divinity of our Lord and His Resurrection. The approach adopted by the author is as far as I know a new one, starting from the question of how, given the Jewish mentality, our Lord would be most likely to establish His claim to Divinity. Choosing the more unfamiliar texts and those which are attended by difficulty or obscurity and avoiding those which have an air of didactic he patiently builds up a picture of the impact on the mind of a Jewish hearer of many incidents and words in the Gospels which bear the presupposition, however remotely, of the Divine Nature of the speaker. The method is a convincing one, the manner in which it is carried out reasonable. We can tell from St. John's Gospel what the probable effect of an unequivocal claim to be God on the part of Jesus would have been, for even the equivalent claim made after some two years of public ministry, 'before Abraham was, I am', was met by an attempted stoning, and the chapters develop in a very credible way the significance of the equivalent claims to divinity made by our Lord at various points of His ministry. Had the idea of Christ's divinity, M. Guitton argues, been the result of fabrication on the part of His followers, who on the testimony of the younger Pliny were already worshipping Christ as God in the early years of the second century, it could never have been presented in the Gospels in the way we find it first enveloped, then adumbrated and finally stated, and this in a way most likely to be accepted by a first century Jew. 'If I were to set out to tell the story of a God on earth, I would not begin by embarrassing myself with useless difficulties, I would not show Him in His human aspects nor would I depict his chief collaborators as stupid or unbelieving,' the author writes. That examples of such difficulties exist throughout the Gospel narratives is at least a sign that there were certain obstinate historical facts lying in the road of possible divinizers, the very restraint, the mystery with which our Lord's equivalent claims

to Divine Sonship are presented are proofs of their authenticity, nor can we escape from the conclusion that it is His own divinity which is virtually taught by Him.

From the fact of divinity follows that of the Resurrection and not vice versa. Unfortunately the chapters in which M. Guitton deals with this subject are the least satisfactory in the book. He is at pains to distinguish between 'vision' and 'apparition', he establishes the unique nature of the Resurrection appearances—the invitation to touch and handle, the eating before the disciples—but appears to suggest that the various evangelists departed from strict historical principles in describing them. As he truly says, whether the Resurrection appearances took place in Jerusalem or in Galilee or in both—as St. John describes them—is not the heart of the problem, one proved appearance would be sufficient to establish the fact and be sufficient guarantee for faith, but it is a little summary to dismiss the problems of the appearance narratives as secondary and of little importance. A close reading of the narratives in St. Matthew, St. Luke and St. John suggests that there were definite and diverse reasons for each appearance; how thankful we may be, as St. Ambrose was, for the doubts of St. Thomas without which we should never have had the assurance of blessing on those who 'have not seen and yet have believed'. It is possible that M. Guitton has paid insufficient attention to the quality of bewildered amazement which is strongly conveyed in the breathlessness of the Resurrection narratives in the Synoptic Gospels.

The author's suggestion as to the mode of the glorified body is an addition to our understanding of the mystery; the paragraphs on the subject of the law of ever-retarded sublimation in all nature deserve consideration. He notes that all the faculties of lower forms appear in the higher forms of life but in a different way, the lower is in fact sublimated in the higher, sexuality in man for instance is the same as in animals but it has not the same function, for in man it is assumed by love. So it is argued the earthly faculties are assumed and sublimated in the glorified body. So much perhaps is implied in St. Paul's words 'sown in corruption, raised in incorruption', and Guitton's thought on the subject gives a new insight into their meaning.

The Problem of Jesus is a valuable addition to apologetic literature. It is not a book of reference and cannot easily be consulted for the answer to this or that particular difficulty, it must be read and read throughout, even though at times we are called on to follow the author in digressions which require mental agility of no ordinary kind. The impact of the whole is that of a theme closely reasoned and held with the devotion of a tenacious personality. It is the greater pity therefore that the author should twice refer in the course of it to St. Mark's Gospel as the first of the Synoptics to be written and as one of the sources of St. Matthew's; after the work of modern Catholic scholars such as Abbot

Butler the naïveté which confuses logical with historical priority ought not to pass without comment.

To my mind the book leaves unanswered what in modern times is the fundamental problem in apologetics. It is not enough to present the arguments for the Catholic Faith however remorseless the logic with which they are presented may be, on the other hand we cannot afford to disregard them. Unbelief no less than belief is a matter of will and of intellect, and the intellectual argument in itself is too abstract to provide the motive for faith. It is not enough to ask what the non-Christian position is, but to inquire why this or that individual subscribes to it. We shall usually find that he does so because, like the Vicar of Bray, he finds it suits his constitution, by which is meant personal predilections, emotional attitudes and other states which influence the will. For apologetic to be practical, as of its nature it ought to be, it is necessary first to study such predilections and attitudes, to find out not merely what the unbeliever holds but why he holds it, and to find a means to present the apologetic in a way that is most likely to appeal to the individual. To some this may seem dangerously like homage paid to subjectivism, but the fact has to be recognized that most modern thinkers, at least most of the non-Catholic ones, allow subjective elements a very wide influence upon their views. Within a limited field M. Guitton has supplied the logical arguments for faith, and has supplied them well. We wait however for a work which will give us some insight into the emotional background of unbelief. Perhaps it will take the form of a Catholic examination of the Freudian or the Jungian unconscious; we should like to see a little more clearly into the mind of those who, like their Galilean predecessors, 'returned and walked no more' with the Son of God.

G. A. TOMLINSON

FREEMASONS

Christian by Degrees. By Walton Hannah. (Augustine Press. 12s. 6d.)

As recently as six years ago a crisis in the Church of England over the propriety of membership of masonic lodges on the part of its ministers would have seemed out of the question. Clergymen belonging to all parties were masons and little or no protest was raised. With the Methodists it was otherwise and the Rev. C. Penney Hunt's book *Menace of Freemasonry to the Christian Faith* led to a censure on Freemasonry by the General Methodist Conference at Bradford in 1927, which does not seem, however, to have had much effect. In 1930 appeared an anonymous work, hostile to the Craft, *Reflections on Freemasonry by an Anglo-Catholic*, published by 'The Freedom Press'. It left

no aftermath and no more was heard of the subject till an article by Mr. Hannah appeared in *Theology*, a monthly publication of the S.P.C.K., at the beginning of 1951. This article, entitled 'Should a Christian be a Freemason?', raised a storm, whose magnitude became discernible when shortly afterwards Doctor H. S. Box, Proctor for the diocese of Chichester, brought forward this question in the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation a few months later. A debate was prevented, so Mr. Hannah tells us, by the intervention of the Suffragan Bishop of Reading, himself a member of the Craft. One however did take place in the Church Assembly in the following June; but a motion for an enquiry was overwhelmingly rejected through what, says Mr. Hannah, was an astute manoeuvre by Masonic members of that body. The *Church Times* was dissatisfied and found a lack of logic in the masonic plea 'we have absolutely nothing to fear from an enquiry. Therefore there must on no account be an enquiry'.

It was perhaps an accident that this controversy took place at a time when the Primate of All England was himself a Freemason, which among his predecessors only Dr. Howley, who crowned Queen Victoria, is known to have been. Whether a coincidence or not Mr. Hannah is convinced that Dr. Fisher has not been uninterested in the matter. He tells us that the S.P.C.K., of which the Archbishop is president, issued a directive to their bookshops that *Darkness Visible* (Mr. Hannah's first book) must not be stocked. 'They also banned any advertisement of it in their organs *View Review* and *Theology*'.

Readers of this book will recall that it is the author's belief that the Church of England is suffering from dogmatic corrosion through extensive membership of Lodges on the part of the clergy. His second book, *Christian by Degrees*, to which Dr. E. L. Mascall of Christ Church has contributed a foreword, maintains the same thesis. Few men can have a more extensive knowledge of masonic rituals than Mr. Hannah, who has made a painstaking collection of them, and one learns with some surprise how readily accessible to the public is much of the information which he discloses. Yet whether it is wise to publish so much of what is regarded as secret may be doubted. It is the author's thesis that when masonry is Christian it presupposes a Gnostic rather than a Catholic Christianity. In the first chapter, entitled 'Exit Christianity', the author describes how from being a Christian guild Freemasonry became universalist, till after 1813 only a 'few small shreds of specific Christian symbolism survived'. In the historical sections much is omitted or passed over quickly. The Dutch influence in the formation of modern Freemasonry is not mentioned, and Mr. Hannah seems unconscious of the role which it occupied in helping to break down the social barrier between Jew and Gentile.

The greater part of the book is concerned with ceremonies of which the generality of master masons know nothing. The ritual of the 'Holy

Royal Arch' is not that of a separate degree but that of a ceremony attached to the third degree of craft masonry. God, we are told, is named 'Jah-Bel-On'. This may be less shocking than Mr. Hannah suggests, as the second syllable may be the equivalent of the Babylonian Bel conceived as of the supreme Being rather than of the Canaanitish Baal. The name On is clearly derived from Genesis xli, 50. It is another name of Heliopolis, the centre of the worship of the sun-god Ra who came nearer to being a supreme God than any other of the Egyptian deities. The triple divine name, crude though it is, seems to be designed to indicate that a knowledge of the true God was not unknown among the gentile nations. The ritual of the 'Royal Ark Mariner' degree (not recognized by Grand Lodge), centring round 'Commander Noah' and the Flood, seems frivolous. But it has a hidden significance, for the initiate is introduced as a 'Noachida', a man subject to Noachian precepts. The most bizarre of all the rituals to which Mr. Hannah introduces us is that of the 'Mystic Shrine', 'a purely American degree which indeed would not be tolerated by British Freemasons'.

To enumerate all Anglican clergymen in the masonic fraternity would, of course, be impossible within the limits of this book. But the author gives a list of those who have been admitted to the 'Ancient and Accepted Rite' and the Knights Templar, for both of which a Christian qualification for membership is required. Among English dioceses we learn that the Bishops of Chester, Norwich and Birmingham are Knights Templar. The Bishop of St. David's has taken the Rose-Croix degree; as has the Bishop of Clogher; the Bishop of Kilmore, Elphin and Ardagh is a Grand Elected Knight Kadosh; the Bishop of Down and Dromore is a 'Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret'; the Bishop of Meath a Knight Templar. Mr. Hannah's list includes six overseas bishops, among them a former Metropolitan of India, and three English Suffragan bishops. Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church and of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States are not included. An enumeration of other Anglican clergymen who have taken the Rose-Croix degree or are Knights Templar occupies nine pages.

Mr. Hannah has chosen a more favourable time for his attack than did Mr. Penney Hunt. For he can count on a not inconsiderable measure of non-Christian support since Freemasonry is essentially a bourgeois organization and is viewed with suspicion by those who so view the bourgeoisie.

HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

COMPARATIVE RELIGION

The Transcendent Unity of Religions. By Frithjof Schuon. Translated by Peter Townsend. (Faber & Faber. 215.)

A LIVING tradition is one whose members frequently return in thought to its centre, and who then move outward, refreshed and ready for new experience. Its necessary external form is a structure of rule and habit, which protects the inner reality, and at the same time leads the inquirer—who seeks understanding rather than mere information—towards the centre, that he may partake of the tradition by giving life to it and by receiving life from it. The problem of ‘understanding’ a tradition other than that in which one lives, whether we are thinking on the level of culture or religion, is one which, by its very nature, cannot be solved finally by discussion. Two sentences from the notes appended to Ananda Coomaraswamy’s essay on ‘The Mediaeval Theory of Beauty’ will underline the problem further:

Understanding implies and demands a kind of repentance (‘change of mind’), and so too a recantation of whatever may have been said on the basis of observation alone, without understanding. Only what is correct is comprehensible; hence one cannot understand and disagree.

There is, then, an apparently insoluble problem in writing of many religions from ‘within’ . . . in remaining part of one’s own tradition, and at the same time ‘understanding’ others. Yet, by belonging to a tradition that purports to contain all others, a writer may claim to understand these others and to know the universality within them.

The point of view from which René Guénon, Ananda Coomaraswamy and Frithjof Schuon write is from that of Eastern metaphysics, and again we may be helped by Coomaraswamy in our approach to Schuon’s book, *The Transcendent Unity of Religions*.

‘If Guénon wants the West to turn to Eastern metaphysics,’ writes Coomaraswamy, in his essay on ‘Eastern Wisdom and Western Knowledge’, ‘it is not because they are Eastern but because this is metaphysics.’ These writers point to the almost total abandonment of metaphysics in the West, and of the dedicated, contemplative state of mind that accompanies its study. Yet, when they turn their thoughts to Western metaphysics, they experience an uneasy sense of limitation—even as that which has form (leaving something outside itself) is confined, in relation to the supra-formal, the illimitable ocean of Being that is the spiritual centre of Eastern metaphysics. In this tradition, man’s life is directed towards becoming ‘one with Spirit’. And this is an intellectual activity sharply distinguished by Schuon from reasoning,

for the Intellect is that which 'is already divine in man' (p. 19). It is this which seeks to identify itself with Spirit, and out of the union comes Wisdom. In the light of the Kena-Upanishad:

'Spirit is the Good in all. It should be worshipped as the Good.' Hence Schuon's Eastern metaphysical approach seeks the universal spirit in all religions, which is something unattainable by logic, sentiment, literalism, or we may add, religious parliaments. Spirit is the One in the many. It is The Transcendent.

Here, we are in the world of the esoteric, of the 'transcendent dimension' . . . 'universal and paracletic in its essence' (p. 27). And the universality of esotericism is the same thing as the universality of metaphysics (p. 70). In contrast, the other traditional dimension is that of the 'exoteric' (p. 66). This, we read, 'is necessary in view of the fact that the esoteric way can only concern a minority . . . for the mass of mankind there is nothing better than the ordinary path of salvation. What is blameworthy is not the existence of exotericism, but rather its all-invading autocracy—due primarily perhaps, in the Christian world, to the narrow "precision" of the Latin mind—which causes many of those who would be qualified for the way of pure knowledge not only to stop short at the outward aspect of the Tradition, but even to reject entirely an esotericism which they only know through a veil of prejudice and deformation . . .' (p. 25).

No one will deny that the dogmatic and unyielding interpretation of Christian Truth has frequently repelled inquirers from without, and stunted spiritual growth from within. Our Lord's denunciation echoes down the years: 'Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.' Thus the deep reality of dogma is lost in the blindly defensive but safe dogmatic answer.

Even so, though literal interpretations of dogma and of the Scriptures are by definition limited (p. 102), many esoteric metaphysical interpretations have, from the early days of the Church, been proved wrong. And wrong, not because they conflicted with the Church's external, Western structure, but because they were utterly opposed to her esoteric life and teaching. Wherein we use the term 'esoteric' to apply to the understanding of the secret, inner, mysterious life of the sacraments and dogma. It is, in fact, only when the Church's esoteric tradition is challenged that she becomes dogmatic. Thus it could be said that the earliest of Councils at Nicea in 325, in opposing the Arian heresy, protected Christianity from a Zoroastrian esoteric interpretation of Scripture.

'The dogmas (the Arians) assert,' wrote St. Alexander at the time, 'are in utter contrariety to the Scriptures, and wholly of their own devising' . . . And when Schuon writes of the limits of religious expansion, claiming that our Lord's injunction to 'teach all nations' applied

only to those living in the known Western world, he is speaking from the point of view of a Hindu, Moslem or Buddhist and not from within the Christian tradition.

His argument for an expansion only within the 'normal' limits takes us back appropriately to the Council of Nicea, for, although he upholds the Divinity of our Lord (pp. 99, 119), he makes Him but a manifestation of God on a par with Mohammed and Buddha. It is He who has come to save the Western peoples. 'Just as there are many solar systems, so there are many suns, but this does not prevent each being unique by definition' (p. 99).

Coomaraswamy, Guénon, Gandhi, Schuon and many other Eastern writers have deplored the break from Christian traditional values in the West that the centuries following the Renaissance, and most particularly the industrial society of today, exhibit. They have watched with dread the expansion of industry and democracy in the East. Their experience of the unity that can exist between religion and culture makes the split between the two in the West very painful to them. Hence, their habit of thought, and the present disequilibrium between the Church and the progressive State make it doubly hard for them to mark the continuing development of the spiritual life of the Church. Schuon had a chance to investigate this when he wrote—in contrast to the unity of Islam—"That never has (Christianity) entirely integrated human Society" (p. 129). Indeed, he adds later a most valuable insight:

The esoteric nature of the Christian dogmas and sacraments is the underlying cause of the Islamic reaction against Christianity. Because the latter had mixed together the *haqlqah* (the esoteric Truth) and the *shari'ah* (the exoteric Law), it carried with it certain dangers of disequilibrium which have in fact manifested themselves during the course of the centuries, indirectly contributing to the terrible subversion represented by the modern world. . . (p. 151).

We cannot now examine this further, but wish to say that Schuon's book raises the question of the relation between Christianity and the East in a particularly acute form. Still comparing Christianity with Islam, he notes the central and priestly function of the Moslem within his own tradition, and while drawing attention to the different, more receptive attitude of the Christian, he remarks that 'the Christian is only linked to his tradition through the Sacraments' (p. 131). Yet, knowledge of the initiatory character of the Sacrament of Baptism contradicts his view that a lay Christian is a peripheral being, and makes one question (to say the least) his judgement that Heysychasm is 'the most direct and untouched branch of Christian initiation' . . . (p. 176). 'The purest and deepest expression of Christian spirituality' (p. 177).

To claim, therefore, as his publisher does, that M. Schuon's 'knowledge and understanding of Christianity is no less impressive than his knowledge and understanding of Islam, Judaism and the Vedanta' is clearly false. It cannot be too often repeated that the Christian 'way' is the way of the Cross and that the penance, individual and corporate, which it contains is not replaced by 'intellectual concentration' (p. 75). Nor is Christian love in this way ever separated from suffering, nor the unity with God achieved without sacrifice. Yet for many Christians, sacrifice has lost its unifying, religious meaning, its sense of belonging to, and hence of carrying one into, a larger life. It has become, instead, merely a moral attitude. Thus Christianity, as lived and taught, is frequently a religion of 'doing' rather than of 'knowing', 'being' and 'becoming'. Naturally it is this limited aspect that strikes the Eastern observer, and it should make Christians, unsatisfied with activism, think their own way back to a spirit of reverence and contemplation. It is important to remember that it was Dr. Bramachari, the Hindu sage, who persuaded Thomas Merton, while in Chicago, to return to his Christian teachers by reading the *Imitation of Christ* and the *Confessions of St. Augustine*.

The ways of 'knowing', 'being' and 'doing' meet in the world of art, and here too the West has betrayed its heritage—its sacramental and reverent attitude to man, to nature and to the making of offerings of praise. Yet Schuon is mistaken in thinking the symbols of the catacombs to have been originally Christian, for these, together with the forms borrowed in a purely outward manner from the 'classical' decadence (p. 89), were themselves taken from pre-Christian art. And it is the redemptive act of the Incarnation that has penetrated creation giving new significance to all previous symbols. Those of the catacombs are, perhaps, the first valid signs in Christian history of the promise of Christian fulfilment.

Today we have to look through the individualistic and distorted idealism in art and living to find the Truth, and the secret of the search lies in the words of St. John: 'He must become more, I must become less and less.' This is the movement along the Christian way, but the all-pervading duality which the East sees in Christianity inevitably brings forth differing and separative interpretations of such a text on either side. The movement of thought of contemplatives in Christianity and in the East is towards a point from which it can say, as in the Aitereya—Upanishad, 'He who knows truth goes beyond discussion.' For the Christian the discovery of Truth is the discovery of the Christ-self within.

'What is that,' exclaims St. Augustine, in a famous passage, 'which so brightly shoots through me and strikes my heart without hurting it? And I shudder, and I catch fire; I shudder inasmuch as I am unlike it, I catch fire inasmuch as I am like unto it . . . Let him that can, hear

Thee discoursing within him' (*Confessions*, XI, 9). It is none other than the Wisdom of God who speaks through the mouth of His saints, and in the esoteric life of renewal in the veiled sacraments and dogma of the Church. Thus the only hope for the West is for the Christian to return to his roots, in spite of the disequilibrium of Western life, and in spite of all that passes for Christianity. And this is what Eastern writers, still writing within a religious Tradition, are saying first and foremost to the West.

Nevertheless, much needs to be written on the Christian, outward-going approach to Eastern metaphysic, but we have to understand first how the Eastern approach to Christianity, the search for unity, absorbs all 'relations' both within and without the Persons of the Holy Trinity. An extract from Gandhi's Autobiography will illustrate fairly the approach:

It was more than I could believe that Jesus was the only incarnate son of God, and that only he who believed in Him, would have everlasting life. If God could have sons, all of us were his sons. If Jesus was like God, or God Himself, then all men were like God and could be God Himself. My reason was not ready to believe literally that Jesus by his death and by his blood redeemed the sins of the world. Metaphorically there might be some truth in it.

In this approach, the *I, Thou* relationship is held to be within the exoteric way and is pierced by, for example, the Sufic formula: 'The exoteric way: I and Thou. The esoteric way: I am Thou and Thou art I. Esoteric knowledge: Neither I nor Thou, Him' (p. 62). Thus the harmony of relations founded upon the Creature-Creator dualism is absorbed in the higher unity of God. The Christian mystic, though he may speak, like St. John of the Cross, of 'annihilation', and like Ruysbroeck of being 'within It', in order to know the Divine Essence, yet has for his point of departure from the Eastern sage the experience of remaining true to his own created essence, at one with God, but not essentially altered. It is a meeting, not an absorption.

There is much in this stimulating book which cannot be examined in a review article, not the least of which is the relation between Christian love and the Hindu 'bhaktic' mode of knowledge (p. 156), and the relation between the Christian Incarnation and those of the East. For both of these it would be necessary to examine the life and works of the great Hindu saint Shri Ramakrishna. Another subject is the relation of sin to the Hindu notion of 'dissipation'—(for the initiate in contemplation this represents everything opposed to 'spiritual concentration'—p. 64). And yet another is the huge subject of the operation of the Mystical Body within non-Christian tradition, for which the guiding principle is, 'I came not to destroy but to fulfil'. Meanwhile, we have to study the implications for Christianity of the destructive Western pro-

gress in the East at every possible level. The labourers in this field are few, but, from the Christian point of view, it would be a step forward if we could establish an *I, Thou* relationship with Eastern metaphysic. We are most grateful to M. Schuon for his brilliant and concentrated book, and for Mr. Townsend's admirable translation. We hope that the book will lead us to consider anew the relations of Christianity with the East, and help us to deepen our understanding of the outward going and returning movement of love and thought within the Christian tradition. For, as Pope Pius XII's encyclical on the Liturgy, *Mediator Dei*, insists, the public and private prayer of the Church 'are harmoniously blended, because they are both animated by the same spirit: "there is nothing but Christ in any of us". Their purpose is the same; to form Christ in us.' And the inner life of prayer and the Sacraments is not only for the minority.

HUGH DINWIDDY

RELIGION AND ETHICS

El Protestantismo y la Moral. By José Luis L. Aranguren. (Madrid: Ediciones Sapiencia.)

DR. ARANGUREN's book, as he hints himself in the concluding chapter, might have had the sub-title of *Tension between Religion and Ethics*. The theme of the book is precisely this, what constitutes man's proper relation to God, and how variously this relation has been interpreted. These varieties are, in the main, reduced to two extreme positions. The first is the belief that religion is an act and attitude of justice, which renders to God the things that are God's, and man is accordingly justified through his own behaviour. Religion in this case consists in an active and ethical approach to the Almighty. But there is also an opposed position, namely that human actions have not the slightest worth in the eyes of God and that religion is to be discovered only in the action of God upon mankind. The distinction is between what are to-day termed the *ethical* and the *religious* approach or, as Dr. Aranguren prefers to express it, between *justice* and *grace*.

He notes very properly that the conception of religion among Greeks and Romans was largely juridical and one of justice. *Religio*, as Cicero conceived it, was justice between men and the gods, as honesty was justice in men's mutual dealings. The gods had their part to play in protecting cities and providing for welfare: in return, men must render to the gods their dues of gratitude and service. The Romans of the Republic looked upon *religio* as formulated in the *jus divinum*, a kind of contractual arrangement between earth and Heaven: to break so solemn a contract were sacrilege. But there was no question of faith and

very little of personal piety. Even during the Middle Ages the word *religio* retained this classical meaning of natural justice towards the higher Powers. St. Thomas, for instance, never employs it for Catholic belief or devotion. But it should be observed that the element of religion, in the more modern sense, can be found widely diffused through the Roman Empire in the various mystery cults.

For Dr. Aranguren these remarks on classical religion are a mere introduction. What he tries to show and indeed does show with clarity and cogency is that these two extreme positions are to be discovered within the Protestant tradition: the former, if not explicitly in Calvin at least in succeeding Calvinists who came to embrace the purely ethical standpoint, thereby eliminating the strictly religious; the latter, in Luther, for Luther's views were uncompromisingly and exclusively religious, with the result that he entirely repudiated ethics.

It might appear rash for any man these days, when the history of the Protestant Reformation has been exhaustively analysed, to venture upon yet another study of the reformers. But the author has been careful to delimit his chosen field. He is far more interested in Luther than Calvin and regards Luther as a religious figure, even as a genius, of high quality, whose significance for modern Protestantism is far greater than that of Calvin. Incidentally he makes the acute comment that neo-Calvinist theologians like Barth and Brunner refer to Luther more frequently than they do to Calvin and certainly they are closer to Luther's existential mood of *Angst* than to the security of Calvin.

Dr. Aranguren points out that the revolt of Luther was directed, in the first place, not against the full expression of Catholic truth as found in St. Thomas, with which Luther was imperfectly acquainted, but against the Occamist presentation of that truth. The author with whom he was most familiar was Gabriel Biel who, following Scotus and Occam, had adopted a strongly voluntarist standpoint. On one side, he emphasized man's power to work out his own salvation. Without grace, according to Biel, man could keep the commandments of God and perform morally good actions, at least *quoad substantiam operis* if not *quoad modum agentis* on account of the absence of habitual grace. Thus, without grace, he could still merit, *de congruo* if not *de condigno*. On the other hand, Biel stressed the *potentia absoluta* of God. God's normal action, considered Biel, was in accordance with his *potentia ordinata*. God did not act against right reason. But, if you pressed the question and asked Biel in what consisted this right reason, he would have replied that it was ultimately constituted by the Will of God. God therefore could do everything. He could elevate a sinner to glory: sin and grace were compatible in the same person.

Luther seized upon these two themes and furiously rejected the first while he exalted the second—that of the *potentia Dei absoluta*—into the leitmotif of his whole theology. In part because of temperament and in

part also from personal experience Luther had come to the conclusion that there lay a contradiction at the heart of human life, a contradiction even in God Himself. Luther was the first to introduce large-scale irrationalism into theology. Man, he considered, was subject to a Divine Law which he could not observe; he was by nature a sinner; concupiscence belonged to his very essence. The idea that any man could perform actions of spiritual worth in God's sight was completely repugnant to Luther. Man was a sinner *tout court*. Luther repudiated the conception of a *justitia activa*, that is the salvation of man through a good life inspired and sustained by God's grace. To imagine you could merit before God was the most serious of all sins: Pharisaism or Pelagianism. Man was justified only through a *justitia passiva*, which was the free gift of God. And this was not looked upon, as in Catholic theology, as a quality or habit of grace which transformed the man and made it possible for him, co-operating with grace, to act on a supernatural level and to lead a supernatural life. The Lutheran justification was purely juridical and extrinsic. Man remained what he essentially was: a sinner. Only God chose no longer to impute those sins to him. Instead justice was *imputed* to him; he was *reputed* just. This notion of a *justitia passiva* is that of a label attached, not of an infused quality.

In this context faith is often referred to as the Lutheran means of salvation. Yet we have to distinguish here. Faith is normally operative and active. But for Luther faith is simply non-resistance to God. Like the justice, the faith too is passive. The separation of religion and ethics is here complete. Ethics have no value. Indeed, the greatest crime is to imagine that the order of ethics can have spiritual significance. Luther did not of course deny the usefulness of moral behaviour for society. What he rejected was its relevance to religion.

It could be said that Protestant theology has generally emphasized the difference between God and man, whereas Catholic theologians stress the union between God and man as the glorious consequence of the Incarnation. This note of the otherness of the Almighty is dominant in Luther. God is by preference the *Deus Absconditus*, whose nature it is to remain hidden. Kierkegaard, whom Dr. Aranguren looks upon as the one true Lutheran after the heart and pattern of Luther, was to announce that the purpose of the Incarnation was rather to conceal than to reveal God. Faith and reason are not only distinct; they are, in a measure, contradictory. Kierkegaard, more finely and sensitively than Luther, distinguishes between the ethical and the religious and, on occasions when the two orders clash, as in the sacrifice of Isaac seemingly imposed by God on Abraham, he speaks of a 'teleological suspension of the ethical'. The moral order is denied—that is transcended—in religion.

Part of this emphasis on the otherness of God is due to the Lutheran denial of the doctrine of analogy. Yet, on the natural plane, unless there

be some analogy of Being, we cannot speak of God at all. Kant was in this respect a good Lutheran, when he repudiated the traditional proofs of God's existence on the grounds that through reason we can never come into contact with anything that transcends our experience of phenomena. Luther himself has no Natural Theology. Reason had no greater place in religion than had Ethics. It was Melancthon who introduced some scholasticism into Lutheran teaching and re-established a kind of Natural Theology and Ethics.

The author is less detailed in his examination of Calvin and he is concerned not so much with Calvin but with the consequences which he draws from Calvinism. He is again careful to state that he does not regard all the future developments with which he deals as wholly due to Calvinist influence: other and very varied factors were at work.

He points to the four major tenets of Calvin: the stress upon the Divine Majesty; the absolute predestination of the elect and the reprobate; a reconciliation between the Law and the Gospel; and finally man's obedience. Calvin did not himself introduce the gospel of good works or indeed of work: yet work and works were to him the operations of God in man. One of the signs of the elect was that they worked. Work and the material crown of work—wealth, prosperity, political influence—these were signs of Divine favour. The stress, urges Dr. Aranguren, was very soon transferred from election to the work itself with the Puritan ideal of the sober, serious, industrious man. Religious virtues gave way to civic qualities: religion itself to honesty; the original test which has been the favour of God is altered to that of utility for men. The eighteenth century was the era when religion faded to pure ethics. Two of the men who had the greatest share in this evolution—Grotius and Pierre Bayle—were themselves Calvinists. Ethics were then divorced from religion, and religion itself was discarded as outdated or unimportant. Dr. Aranguren sees the influence of Calvinism in the teaching of the Deists and, in the twentieth century, in the moral atheism of men like Camus.

This is a welcome and interesting book. It is clear, objective and very fair-minded, with no touch of polemics or propaganda. To conclude, the author contrasts these extreme standpoints of Religion without Ethics and Ethics without Religion with the central Catholic teaching, in which both Religion and Ethics find their true place and their appropriate expression.

As I took this volume into my hands for the first time, the cover parted from its contents. This may have been a solitary accident. But if not, then more attention needs to be given to production and binding by the *Ediciones Sapiencia*.

JOHN MURRAY

TRAVELS

Aegean Greece. By Robert Liddell. (Jonathan Cape. 25s.)

From An Antique Land. By Julian Huxley. (Max Parrish. 25s.)

Fair Greece, Sad Relic. By Terence Spencer. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 25s.)

It must always be a problem, when writing a travel-book, like almost everything else in life, of deciding how much to put in and how much to leave out. And then, in between the decisions, the mental, not to say the spiritual atmosphere of the immediate reaction must be translated beyond the notebooks or the tenterhooks of memory into the final tomb, or let us say, into the monument of the book. And of course the public must be thought of. Are they to be presumed to be educated and easily bored, or comparatively untitled yet eager for the least scrap of fact however second-rate or second-hand; might they demand a moral and a meaning, or are they to be relied upon to be frankly escapist and hedonistic? Must they be elevated with Apollo, transported with Dionysus, or merely shut up with Pallas Athene? And if the book is to be informative as well as being mood-communicative, how to avoid the danger of the new guide-book without tears becoming the old carpet without magic? It is clearly all very difficult, and none of the books under review quite size up to the problems.

Mr. Liddell has written about the islands of the Aegean Sea in a state of frustrated love. He claims to be a philhellene but time and again he is cross about Greek officials, and testy about Greek food, ships and accommodation, and it is only with difficulty that one may believe that his travels were a pleasure rather than a penance. At the same time, he wishes to inform, but the injections of information, though often well turned in the capsule, move sluggishly through the general stream. The dominie is clearly at work. Yet, when he is suddenly taken with a particular view or is caught by surprise, as it were, by the momentary flash of figures in a landscape or dancing at nightfall, he reflects the light on them after his fashion truly, and the vignettes spring to life and the landscape builds up once more before the reading eye. The impression is at once defined and agreeable. As a result, anyone planning a journey to the Aegean isles should not fail to read this book, but it is also clear that they should not embark on such a venture without a private yacht, congenial company, and a certain *folie de grandeur*.

Mr. Huxley, on the other hand, has enjoyed grandeur of a kind. His testimony, written partly in the course of, and mostly after journeying through the Near East as an important dignitary of UNESCO, is built up on the organized tour, the diplomatic connexion, and the aeroplane chartered for the grand official. His photographs are beautiful. Those of Petra, in colour, are particularly fine, but the whole

sequence shows an artist and an intellectual at work. If only Mr. Huxley had given us more of his brilliant photographs and rather less of his turgid text. For the text, in spite of being frequently airborne in fact is often pedestrian in tone, and once again the immediate impression, usually quoted from a diary and not nearly so clever or so sharp as one might expect, is interlarded with a great deal of margarine from second-hand authorities. And to what good? Well, there is some good, since through it all it is possible to sense a wonder at the beauty and splendour of the antique world, and a marvelling at the complex civilizations of the past, until the reader is suddenly jolted by the comment of the UNESCO official: 'The Lowdermilk Plan for the Jordan valley has blue-printed the possibilities of the rift', or by such flatulent aspirations as 'Man today needs to evolve a new organization of thought capable of dealing with the new situation in which he finds himself, just as land vertebrates needed to evolve a new organization of bodily structure and working adapted to the new structure of terrestrial existence.'

Without doubt the most ambitious, and at the same time the most successful of the three is Mr. Spencer's voyage into the space of philhellenism. Here is a fascinating study of the growth of an attitude of mind towards something abroad. It bears learning without too much pedantry, shrewdness without petulance, and it uncovers a layer of the past which has not been until now deeply excavated. Mr. Spencer writes with an eye on Apollo and Athene but there is, even so, the spectre of boredom at the turn of a page, partly as the result of a certain repetition and partly as the result of the deserts of evidence which the author felt with some reason were necessary to the case. If, and yet it seems captious to say it, if only it could have been cut a little.

Starting from the fall of Constantinople Mr. Spencer traces the reaction of English opinion to Greece and their idea of Greece through the centuries until the appearance of Byron, and as a result he establishes a new chapter in the history of taste and sensibility. The book is full of curiosities: for example, the strange identification of the Trojans made by sixteenth-century opinion with the Turks, and the prolongation of the old mediaeval bias in favour of Troy against the frivolous and perfidious Greeks with the impression that the latter were a little too quick at business, the equally curious section on the Greek Church and its approach to Protestant susceptibilities, the growth of the association of sentiment with the places of antiquity, an association frequently misplaced like the confusion of Troy with Alexandria Troas, and the gradual interest in antique works of art for themselves. . . . Mr. Spencer has started us on a new kind of journey, and I am inclined to think that he will not be alone on his travels.

JOHN BECKWITH

AESTHETIC THEORY

Aesthetics and the Gestalt. A Collection of Essays and Writings. By Ian Rawlins. (Nelson. 18s.)

THOUGH not crumbs but pieces of bread from a rich man's table, these articles and reviews arouse an appetite they cannot satisfy. They leave me wishing, ungratefully perhaps, for a connected study of their recurrent theme, the relation between science and art. Many of the papers written for learned journals assume a knowledge not possessed by the layman unacquainted with science, mathematics or mathematical logic. Many observations are allusive, directed to a background of information shared with the writer by his original readers.

Enough, however, is said clearly to show us that Mr. Rawlins is haunted by a splendid vision of which we are given here but broken lights, the vision of a synthetic understanding of man's experience as a whole, each part bound up with the rest and the same laws regulative throughout.

The beauty created by the artist is found to depend on the symmetry studied by mathematics, and in that field also a thing of beauty. And in particular the process of artistic creation with its finality, the work of art all but incapable of further improvement, is found to conform with the findings of the Gestalt psychology, for which the whole pattern, other and more than the sum of its parts, determines those parts and their successive production until only a minimum remains of unformed energy expendable upon possible improvement. This, at least, is how I understand the writer, I hope correctly. Convinced as I am that Reality at every level consists of formed energies of which the inferior, the less real, the physical, reflect in their degree the more integrated energies produced by higher forms, spiritual realities, the entire edifice the work of God, Form and Energy in one, I welcome Mr. Rawlins' outlook. I am sure that the laws of spiritual creation cannot wholly or radically differ from the laws of physical action, that the beautiful picture is unlikely to be alien to the beautiful mathematical formula. But these surmises, mainly *a priori*, require the scientific verification of which we catch glimpses all too fleeting in Mr. Rawlins' book.

Enamoured, as he rightly is, of synthesis, Mr. Rawlins recognizes the permanent value of the mighty synthesis achieved by mediaeval Scholasticism. Though he insists that no philosophy can satisfy us today which does not incorporate the discoveries of the special sciences, he hopes that a modified Thomism may be able to accomplish the task, when 'the jewel' has been 'cleansed from its Matrix of very earthy material'. And 'Maritain,' he continues, 'is perhaps the only authority alive capable of performing the desperate and laborious operation of extraction.' Elsewhere he points to the comprehensiveness of Thomism

and its Aristotelian insistence upon experiment. Cartesianism, on the other hand, till recently acclaimed as the resurrection of philosophy from the tomb in which it had supposedly lain buried since the Greeks, has, he tells us, by its dualism, been responsible for 'much of the apparent futility exhibited in modern thought'. And it is now being recognized that 'Historically, modern physics owes more to the Arabic versions of Greek mathematics translated in the twelfth or thirteenth centuries than it does to the Renaissance and the Enlightenment'. On the other hand, he insists, I think, too exclusively on the Aristotelian aspect of scholasticism deeply indebted also to Neo-Platonism. It certainly accepted from Augustine and the Pseudo-Denys 'the Neo-platonic transcendence' of Godhead which Mr. Rawlins mistakenly regards as demolished by subsequent developments. Nothing, surely, can be so immune from changes in our knowledge of the created world as this doctrine of a God above all finite image or concept.

Mr. Rawlins is inclined to connect the present trough in artistic creation, the bareness and baldness of a design purely functional, with 'the absence of glory in the modern world'—a profound observation and a penetrating diagnosis. On the other hand, great works of art in any medium do, I am convinced, contain more than their creator meant to say, more than any meaning of which he was consciously aware. Nor can I accept, as the writer evidently does, the rejection 'even under certain very special conditions' of the law of excluded middle. Under the same aspect, and in the same degree, A must either be B or not B. Every proposition understood in the same sense must be true or false. This is a self-evidence which cannot be overthrown. If, in any field of experience, A seems to be B and also not B, the explanation must be that it is B under one aspect, or, to a certain degree, not B in another aspect or in another degree. But insofar as it is B it cannot not be B, insofar as it is not B it cannot be B.

It was a felicitous thought to conclude with the poem by the author's father.

E. I. WATKIN

ITALIAN STUDIES

Introductory Papers on Dante. By Dorothy L. Sayers. With a preface by Barbara Reynolds. (Methuen and Co. 21s.)

Manzoni and his Times: A Biography of the author of 'The Betrothed' (I Promessi Sposi). By Archibald Colquhoun. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 21s.)

Two more books on Italian authors testify to the growth of interest among the general public in Italian literature, still the Cinderella of the modern language curriculum in schools and universities.

Miss Sayers' book is the more ambitious. She starts from the premise, only too correct, that Dante and the world of ideas in which he moved are as unknown to the average Briton as the customs of some remote tribe, or, if known, as unreal as a fairy tale. In the eight papers which the book contains, she sets out to show that the allegorical form of the *Divina Commedia* conceals a moral and religious conception of life as intelligible and valid for modern readers as for Dante's contemporaries; and she also explains some of the religious ideas fundamental to the *Commedia* which she thinks are insufficiently understood nowadays. This is a most laudable undertaking. As Miss Sayers enthusiastically guides her readers through the complications of Dantean allegory, or explains Dante's conception of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory (two excellent papers here), she communicates her conviction that the *Divina Commedia* is a masterpiece, of real and actual value at the present time. If she can persuade one person to read the *Divina Commedia*, I imagine she will be satisfied; and this book is more likely to bring in converts than works cast in a more academic mould. Dantologists will, however, be surprised at the rather cavalier manner in which Dante scholarship is dismissed in the Introduction, and Miss Sayers should have acknowledged somewhere in this volume that the greatest Dante scholars are as convinced as she is that 'Dante wrote to be read by the common man and woman' (p. xiii). The *Divina Commedia*, when all is said and done, is a difficult text, requiring for its elucidation a thorough knowledge of philosophy, history and philology; and so that 'the common man and woman' can understand what Dante means, it is essential that devoted scholars should continue to pore over its many problems.

The life of Alessandro Manzoni, the subject of Mr. Colquhoun's book, was dominated by his Catholicism, to which faith he came after a youth influenced by French rationalist philosophy. To all outward appearances, his life, after his return to Lombardy from France in 1810, was singularly devoid of interest, as he lived the quiet and retired life of a country gentleman. In Manzoni's inner life, however, a great drama was played out. An acute and anguished conscience struggled to find a *modus vivendi* with an enquiring mind and a great artistic talent. It must be difficult to write a biography of Manzoni, because he, even more than most men, was reticent about the state of his soul; but from time to time in Mr. Colquhoun's book we catch a glimpse of the protagonists locked in this bitter spiritual battle, and this makes the book, and Mr. Colquhoun's occasional infelicities of style, worth while. It is surprising to find in Mr. Colquhoun's book three serious errors of translation, one on p. 71 and two on p. 143.

Both books are well produced, and Mr. Colquhoun's distinguished by a fine series of illustrations reproducing portraits of Manzoni. Both, however, are marred by too many misprints, mainly of foreign words.

Miss Sayers' book is the worst offender in this respect. The present reviewer has found over thirty in quotations from the text of the *Divina Commedia*, some of which obscure the meaning of the passage. This sort of thing understandably irritates Italians, to whom the text of the *Divina Commedia* is as sacred as the text of Shakespeare is to us.

CONOR FAHY

ST. PETER'S AGAIN

Jérôme Carcopino, *Études d'histoire chrétienne—Le christianisme secret du carré magique : Les fouilles de Saint-Pierre et la tradition*. (Editions Albin Michel, Paris. 840 francs.)

THE first of these two studies is a re-edition of a paper published by Carcopino in *Museum Helveticum*, 1948, p. 16 ff. Its subject is the well-known Latin word-square, of which two alternative versions exist—SATOR/AREPO/TENET/OPERA/ROTAS and ROTAS/OPERA/TENET/AREPO/SATOR. In this country it is most familiar from the example of the second version which was found in 1868 at Cirencester (Corinium), scratched on a fragment of red plaster on the wall of a Roman house and now exhibited in the Corinium Museum.¹ In 1926 Felix Grosser published his brilliant discovery that all the letters of this square can be rearranged to form a cross, of which the vertical and horizontal limbs are each composed of the words PATER NOSTER, with the single N at the central point of intersection and A and O (alpha and omega) before and after each PATER NOSTER.² Since this combination of letters can hardly be accidental, we must agree with Carcopino that it is at least highly probable that the word-square is, in fact, a Christian cryptogram. Grosser's solution enormously enhanced the interest of a find made at Pompeii only the year before, that of a version of the word-square on a wall of the house of P. Paquius Proculus;³ while a second discovery of the square at Pompeii was made in 1936 in the *palaestra* beside the amphitheatre.⁴ Meanwhile three versions of the formula had come to light in 1931-2, another in 1933-4, at Dura-Europos, the Roman frontier-city and fortress on the Euphrates, which fell to the Persians in 256.⁵ But the Pompeian versions were the really exciting finds; for, if most scholars are right in accepting the Christian origin of the square, they would seem to prove the existence at Pompeii of a group of Latin-speaking Christians, devoted to the emblem of the Cross and using a Latin form of the Lord's Prayer, prior to the tragedy of 79.

¹ *Archaeologia*, lxix, 1917-18 (1920), p. 197.

² *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft*, xxix, 1926, pp. 165-9.

³ *Notizie degli Scavi* 1929, p. 449, no. 112 = p. 447, Fig. 2, no. 112.

⁴ *Rend. Accad. Pont. Arch. Rom.*, xii, 1936, pp. 394-400.

⁵ *Dura Report*, v, p. 159, pl. xxvii, Fig. 2; vi, p. 486.

Carcopino, however, refuses to believe that the Christian square can be as early as the first century or that a Christian 'church' could have been established at Pompeii before its destruction. He ascribes these Pompeian versions to Christians digging for treasure among the city's ruins, perhaps as late as the end of the second century. He then proceeds to derive AREPO from a Celtic word for a wheeled plough, translates the formula as 'the sower guides the wheels for the plough carefully', and attributes the invention of the cryptogram to late-second-century Christians of Gallia Lugdunensis, on the occasion of the famous persecution at Lyon.

As the reviewer has already stated elsewhere,¹ Carcopino's theories are not convincing. We know from *Acts* that there were Christian 'brethren' at Puteoli on the Bay of Naples: why should they not also have existed at neighbouring Pompeii? Tertullian's words in *Apologia* xl, 8: *sed nec Tuscia iam tunc atque Campania de Christianis querebantur cum Vulsinius de caelo, Pompeios de suo monte perfudit ignis*—are very far from proving, as Carcopino thinks they prove, that Pompeii had no Christian community. It is very unlikely that all first-century Christians in Italy were only Greek-speaking; and the symbolic use of alpha and omega may well go back behind the *Apocalypse* to a saying of our Lord Himself, as Donald Atkinson suggested.² As for the hypothesis of second-century Christian scribblers at Pompeii—only one Pompeian *graffito* (*domus pertusa*, in Greek letters) is an obvious relic of post-eruption treasure-hunters: no other can be certainly dated after 79;³ and why should Christians have scratched this hidden symbol of their faith upon the walls of a dead and deserted city? Moreover, the excavators at Pompeii stated explicitly that at least in the case of the *palaestra* version of the word-square, the layers of volcanic ashes and stones that covered it had clearly never been disturbed. Finally, the equation of AREPO with 'plough' in Celtic is, at the best, uncertain; and Carcopino's translation of the five Latin words as they stand is anyhow senseless, for what has a sower to do with wheels and a plough?

It may be added that two interesting papers on this problem will be found in *The Journal of Theological Studies*, iii, 1, 1952: 'The Rotas-Sator square: present position and prospects,' by H. M. Last; and 'Sat orare poten?' by P. Grosjean, S.J., who discloses his extremely ingenious detection of the fact that the five words of the square can be thus broken up to construe as a reminder (read once forwards and once backwards with the central N shared) that the *Oratio Dominica* cannot be offered too often—an interpretation impossible to prove wrong, but almost too subtle to be true!

Carcopino's second study deals with what is, obviously, a far larger

¹ *Journ. Brit. Arch. Assoc.*, xvi, 1953, pp. 1 ff.

² *John Rylands Library Bulletin*, xxii, 1938, pp. 431 ff.

³ Cf. D. Atkinson in *Journ. Eccles. Hist.*, ii, 1, 1951, pp. 8 ff.

and much more important problem—too large and too important to be handled adequately within the limits of a review. It was occasioned by the publication at the end of 1951 of the great official *Report* by the Vatican excavators of the discoveries made beneath St. Peter's during the decade 1939-49. The central question raised by these excavations has been widely advertised: Has St. Peter's tomb been certainly identified beneath the high altar of the Basilica? That it has been so identified is the verdict of the excavators on their findings; and Carcopino accepts that verdict unreservedly.

The reviewer, on the other hand, would prefer to state the case somewhat more cautiously. The chief thing that the excavations revealed was a simple niched structure directly under the altar, certainly venerated as St. Peter's shrine from the time of its erection, about the middle of the second century, onwards, and made the central pivot of Old St. Peter's by Constantine. All the archaeological evidence converges to indicate that this niched structure was built, at no small inconvenience, to mark, exactly, a spot, immediately below it, which was already of significance to the Christians interested in its building. That this spot was a grave cannot be absolutely proved. But we can say that any other explanation of the spot is, from one or another standpoint, unsatisfactory. Moreover, just under the niched shrine was found a number of human bones which could not have reached that place after the shrine was erected—bones which seem to have been there prior to, but which were inadvertently disturbed by, the building operations that immediately preceded the putting up of the shrine, and which were then, as far as possible, respected by the builders. The archaeological data do, indeed, definitely suggest that the niched shrine marked what the Roman Christians of the mid-second century believed to be the grave and relics of St. Peter. Whether they were right in so believing is another matter; for it can never be proved that they did not mistakenly, but in all good faith, identify another person's grave and relics as those of the Apostle; nor, again, can we ever be sure that his body was actually recovered from the Neronian executioners by the Christians for burial. There is a strong degree of probability that the excavators have found St. Peter's tomb. But they have not done so certainly.

Furthermore, Carcopino tends to attribute to the identification of the Apostolic tomb a dogmatic importance that it does not actually carry. Failure to find a primitive shrine, marking a significant spot, beneath the papal altar of the Vatican Basilica would not have proved that St. Peter did not live and die in Rome, although it would have discredited an age-long tradition that that altar is on the site of his burial-place. Nor, in fact, does the doctrine of the Petrine succession and primacy of the Popes depend absolutely on St. Peter's residence and death in Rome. It could have been ordained that the Bishops of the

imperial capital should succeed to St. Peter's Christ-given primacy without his occupying the see of Rome himself—although his residence and martyrdom in Rome are to be inferred from very early literary sources, from *I Peter* ('the church in Babylon salutes you') and St. Clement of Rome's letter to Corinth respectively.

Another matter in which the reviewer must join issue with Carcopino is in his championship of the well-known and widely-held theory that the Apostle's relics [or what were believed to be his relics] were translated at the time of the Valerianic persecution in 258 from the Vatican to the Via Appia, to the site of the present church of San Sebastiano, and were not returned to the Vatican until perhaps as late as the pontificate of Gregory the Great in the early-sixth century. None of the arguments adduced by him for such a translation carry conviction, as the reviewer has explained elsewhere.¹ The absence of invocations of St. Peter among prayers scratched on the primitive shrine on the Vatican by pilgrims shortly before the time of Constantine no more proves that the relics were not believed to be there at that period than the presence of invocations of St. Peter and St. Paul on the walls of their distinctly odd and possibly schismatical cult-centre by the Via Appia proves that the Apostles' relics were there during the second half of the third, and early decades of the fourth, century. Carcopino, discussing the opening lines of Pope Damasus' famous metrical inscription, set up near that site,

*hic habitasse prius sanctos cognoscere debes
nomina quisque Petri pariter Paulique requiris,*

cites some North-African inscriptions in which *nomina* is used of relics. But no literary or epigraphical parallels for this usage are forthcoming from Rome and Italy.² Damasus' use of *habitasse* could record a tradition that the Apostles had dwelt by the Via Appia either in their lifetimes or temporarily in death, directly after their martyrdoms. Moreover, Carcopino completely fails to appreciate the implications of the human bones sealed beneath the primitive shrine from the middle of the second century onwards and certainly never translated. (A full and authoritative medical report on the number and nature of these bones is eagerly awaited.)

In conclusion, it should be pointed out that Carcopino misquotes in his Appendix VI, iii, Professor Guarducci's (highly problematic) reading of an invocation of St. Peter scrawled on a wall of the Tomb of the Valerii (one of the pagan mausolea under the Basilica) (: he prints

¹ *Journal of Roman Studies*, xliii, 1953, pp. I ff.

² Cf. C. Mohrmann in *Vigiliae Christianae* vii, 1954, p. 154 ff.

Petrus roga—croix ansée—XS (= *Ch(ri)stu(s)/pro sanc(tis)/hom(ini)b(us)/chrestian(is)*) [*ad*] /*corpus suum sep(ultis)*, whereas she prints *Petrus, roga* ^T

XS HS /*pro sanc(ti)s/hom(ini)bus/Chrestianis* [*ad*] *co(r)pus tuum sep(ultis)*,¹ and that the Christian inscription on the Palatine, discussed by him in his Appendix VI, iv, was subsequently proved to be a modern fake.

J. M. C. TOYNBEE

HIEROCRACY

The Growth of Papal Government in the Middle Ages. By Walter Ullmann. (Methuen. 42s.)

'WHAT this book attempts to do is to trace the development . . . of the basic principles upon which rested the governmental authority of the Roman Church in the mediaeval period. . . . And of these themes and principles none was more fundamental than that of the conception of the Church and the qualification of those of its members who were to govern it. Baptism secured membership of the Church, but membership as such did not entail the proper qualification for governing it. Another element, namely ordination, was needed to secure, according to papal views, the right to direct the Church . . . the whole *corpus* of Christians. . . . The papal-hierocratic idea of government is a historical phenomenon and explicable only by historical criteria: it is a classic demonstration of the evolution of an idea' (pp. v; 1; 452; 457). These quotations indicate the scope of Dr. Ullmann's enquiry. The quality of his scholarship is, of course (despite some reviewers), neither encyclopaedic nor inerrant. Like Pertz, he can be tripped up in the Vulgate (the use of the word *bravium* by a mediaeval writer—p. 388, n. 1—does not imply knowledge of Greek); and it is seriously misleading to say that regal unction was of Frankish origin (p. 147). There is nothing, except by implication in footnotes, about the influence of monastic practice in preparing the mediaeval transference of ideas from public to private penance (pp. 374–81). The singleness of the author's theme perhaps justified the adoption of a consistently centripetal view of European history: but the understanding even of Romeward tendencies in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries requires more attention than he gives to movements on the periphery—from 'the East' into Italy and Spain; between Spain, Ireland, England and France; between 'Goths' and Franks in France itself. Such random cavillings amount to no more than a reminder that the historian is human, with the defects of that quality. They are not intended to detract in any way

¹ M. Guarducci, *Cristo e San Pietro*, etc. (1953), p. 18.

from the special praise of his book, which is worthy of its author, an historiographer *de race*.

The pedigree includes E. Bishop, F. Liebermann, P. Fournier, a not extinct breed of specialists who earned and enriched their mastery by comprehension of disciplines apparently remote from their own. Passing Krusch and Duchesne, the tradition flowered again in W. Levison. Th. Schieffer is a contemporary representative. This kind of work (it is in no sense a 'school') is marked by an unfailing readability—not necessarily allied to literary distinction, but springing from intellectual good manners, an inexhaustible sympathy, a costing probity. It practises that 'chastity' which the young Acton preached. 'This essay,' says Dr. Ullmann (p. v), 'is not written from the papal, or imperial, or royal or any particular point of view; nor does it try to justify or to refute any standpoint, or theory or ideology, past or present.' In writing it, he has drawn copiously upon the 'auxiliary sciences'—liturgy and symbolism, philology, Roman and Canon law. Among the passages in which he rises to classic stature in his argument, a few may here be briefly indicated: the analysis, interpretation and evaluation of papalist and anti-papalist forgeries (whatever may be thought, in detail, of his dating of the Donation of Constantine—pp. 74 ff.); the appreciation of religious motives in Pippin and Charlemagne; and the delimitation of feudal elements in Church politics (for all his disarming acknowledgement 'that feudal language and Roman-papal language are exasperatingly identical'—p. 340).

'The principle of functional ordering and consequently the principle of subordination is nothing else but the political formula for the teleological principle, operative only in a society that was viewed as *unum corpus Christi*' (p. 446). This is the justification, as it is also the effective definition, of hierocracy (or clericalism, as it has been called since Gambetta)—the rule of an *ordo clericalis*. The thing is presented as an effluence, or emanation, of Christianity itself. *Unam Sanctam*, quoting St. Thomas, puts it once for all: 'subesse Romano Pontifici omni humanae creaturae declaramus . . . esse de necessitate salutis'. Defalcations in the political field from the consequences of this dogma can be shown to be simply alogical, erroneous, 'meaningless', despite Henry IV and Peter Crassus, until the study of Aristotle provided for the scholastics a substratum of rational argument for the view that the '*societas humana* is something fundamentally different from the *societas christiana*' (p. 455). From this time forward, the categories of Nicholas I (for instance) became irrelevant, and the question of the *privilegium fori*—hitherto easily intelligible even as regards persons—was acutely controversial even in respect of causes: as notably today in England for matrimony, or fifty years ago in France for the *associations culturelles*. Like it or not, Dr. Ullmann shows his readers the political cost of the break-up of Christian monism, recalling Dom Aelred Watkin's recent article in this

REVIEW: 'by the twelfth century or even earlier, Christians had begun, in practice, to lose that vivid sense of being one with the living Christ which earlier they had possessed in such full measure. . . . As always, once a unity has become split up, the elements of truth in all its divisions tend to strive one against another. This *tertium quid*—the secular—provided the background for an even more thorough disintegration . . . the new notion provided a happy hunting-ground for the indevout. The secular, the latter began to consider, can only work by secular laws: the precepts of the state . . . were, it was now thought, laws which existed in their own right apart from, though not necessarily in contradiction to, those of religion.'

LAICUS

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENTS

Alexis de Tocqueville, *Oeuvres Complètes*, Tome VI, *Correspondance Anglaise*. (Gallimard. 980 francs.)

THIS sixth volume of de Tocqueville's works, which are being published by a French National Commission, is devoted to the political philosopher's correspondance with Henry Reeve and with John Stuart Mill; an introduction and some useful notes are supplied by the general editor, J. P. Mayer.

Henry Reeve was a prolific and influential leader-writer in *The Times*, after 1840, and was editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1855; his friendship with de Tocqueville extended from 1835 to the latter's death in 1859, and he was the English translator of his friend's *Démocratie en Amérique*. It was in 1835, also, that de Tocqueville, visiting England for the first time, met Mill, who was still little known, but whom he lived to see famous; his friendship with him, as with Reeve, was only broken by his own death. Most of the volume is occupied by the correspondance with Reeve; that between de Tocqueville and Mill comprises thirty-six letters only, but none of those written by Mill, and only a few of those written by de Tocqueville, have been published before.

The letters of a man possessed of so profound an insight into the significance of his own times as was de Tocqueville are necessarily important, nor can the publication of hitherto unknown letters written by Mill fail to be an event of consequence; the reader will not be disappointed by this volume, even though many paragraphs of the letters are devoted to the rather elaborate courtesies customary at the time: solicitous inquiries concerning the health of relatives and friends, descriptions of the writer's own state of health, excuses for not visiting each other, and the like.

De Tocqueville was a deputy under Louis Philippe, and a minister

in 1849, under the Second Republic. After the *coup d'état* of 1851 he became, like other liberals of his kind, a bitter opponent of Napoleon III. In these last years of his life he made it his business to try to see that English opinion was correctly informed about the servitude into which France had fallen, even though he tells Reeve: 'When I try to speak of our affairs, even to my best friends (and I count you as one of them), so deep and so bitter a distress takes possession of me that I can scarcely endure to carry on conversations so painful or to write on the subject.' But write he did, and Reeve responded heroically. On 8 December 1851 de Tocqueville sent a long letter, signed by himself and 230 members of the French Assembly, and printed in this volume, giving a detailed account of what happened to them all at the fateful session of 2 December, and of the indignities that followed their arrest. Reeve duly published the letter in *The Times* of 11 December, and thereafter he maintained a campaign against the new French régime which earned for him the censure of Granville and of Clarendon. Palmerston's attitude towards the *coup d'état* only intensified the contempt for him felt long since by de Tocqueville and by his English liberal friends. 'For my part,' writes Mill, 'I would walk twenty miles to see him hanged, especially if Thiers were to be strung up along with him.'

Their dislike of Palmerston and of Thiers figures earlier in the correspondence and was due to their concern at seeing the exacerbation of Anglo-French mistrust, especially in the later 'thirties, which they thought was fanned by these politicians. Like the good nineteenth-century liberals that they were, they regarded national *amour-propre* as an outmoded sentiment. Yet they were liable, on occasion, to display it themselves. For, despite de Tocqueville's oft-repeated expressions of admiration for the English conception of democracy, and Reeve's and Mill's equally frequent tributes to French intelligence, and contempt for English ignorance and insularity ('this stupid island,' wrote Mill), they yet tend, in the successive international crises, to reflect their own countries' viewpoints. Thus de Tocqueville insists that England should play a leading role on the continent in support of democracy, while Reeve insists that she should avoid continental commitments.

All this is interesting, and it is as a contemporary commentary upon the events of the writers' time, in England and in Europe, that this volume will probably receive most attention. But neither de Tocqueville nor Mill could easily write a letter which contained no political philosophy and the profundity of their comments—especially those of the Frenchman, whose ideas were apt to be more carefully worked out than were Mill's—will constantly impress the reader afresh. De Tocqueville and Mill found themselves in close agreement that the capital problem of democracy—as Burke had understood—was to prevent representatives from becoming merely delegates. And

there is significance for twentieth-century readers in the two men's belief, expressed by Mill in these words: '... One of your great general conclusions (expressed in the second part of de Tocqueville's *Démocratie en Amérique*, entitled *l'Influence de l'égalité sur les idées et les sentiments des hommes*) is exactly that which I have been almost alone in standing up for here, and have not, as far as I know, made a single disciple—namely that the real danger in democracy, the real evil to be struggled against ... is not anarchy or love of change, but Chinese stagnation and immobility. Finding this view of the matter to have presented itself with the same strength of evidence to you, who are the highest living authority (and therefore the highest that has ever lived) on the subject, I shall henceforth regard it as the truth scientifically established ...' If the last part of this quotation shows Mill's mind at its most naive, the earlier part embodies a deep truth and one which Reeve, for example, would have found it hard to follow. Thus, much later, when Reeve was attacking the Papal Concordat with Austria of 1856, which re-established traditional Roman rights in that country, the Englishman could only see a reassertion of ultramontane despotism. But this de Tocqueville will not allow. Reeve, he writes, should realize that the real despotism arises when the temporal and the spiritual powers are united in the same hands; the division of powers is, rather, a guarantee of liberty. On similar grounds de Tocqueville has little difficulty in justifying his own intervention against Mazzini at Rome, in 1849, when he was French Foreign Minister.

In short, the abiding significance of de Tocqueville, and one which emerges clearly in this volume, is that, better than anybody else in his generation—save, perhaps, his mighty contemporary Montalembert—he understood what political liberty was really about.

E. E. Y. HALES

A DANISH CARDINAL

Stenoniana Catholica. (Copenhagen: Verlag Arne Frost-Hansen. 6 Kr. p.a. or 2.50 Kr. for each of 3 issues a year.)

JANUARY of this year saw the first publication of a new periodical *Stenoniana Catholica*, devoted to the life and work of Niels Stensen, or Steno, as he is better known to English readers. He is probably little known, except to historians of science, and those, especially in Denmark and Germany, who find this seventeenth-century convert to Catholicism a source of inspiration and encouragement. Steno was born in 1638 of a wealthy family of goldsmiths, Lutherans of course, in Copenhagen. He early showed an inclination to the study of medicine, which he pursued first in his home city, then in Amsterdam and Leyden,

where he made the acquaintance of Spinoza. He was soon making anatomical discoveries, bringing him fame, but not a coveted post in the University of Copenhagen. He therefore sought advancement elsewhere, and, travelling to Italy, became court physician to Ferdinand II, Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1666. The Duke financed his further studies, which bore fruit in 1669 in an important little book on the geology of Tuscany, and including some vital work on crystals. This work was held in high esteem by his contemporaries, and an English version appeared in 1671. But while in Florence he underwent a profound spiritual crisis resulting in his conversion to Catholicism.

Previously passed over when trying for a post at home, he was now to be invited to fill the chair of anatomy at Copenhagen. This he accepted, but found the Lutheran environment there uncongenial and religious differences were a source of friction. After two years he relinquished the post and in 1674 returned to Florence. Here he turned increasingly to religious matters and eventually took Holy Orders. Pope Innocent XI soon made him Bishop of Titopolis and Vicar Apostolic to Northern Europe, in which capacity he showed himself a zealous organizer of Catholic propaganda. He gave himself up to a strict and heroic asceticism, to an extent that undermined his health, and hastened his death in 1686 at the early age of forty-eight.

The first issue of *Stenoniana Catholica* contains a collection of short articles and notes on various aspects of Steno's life and personality, together with introductory notices, and reports on the progress of the campaign for his canonization—in Europe and America. The field covered is so wide, and all in thirty-four pages, that there is little profound or extended study. The most interesting articles deal with the general characteristics of his scholarship, by Dr. Albert Niedermeyer, and the spirituality of 'the sincere supplicant, the compassionate helper'. But beside these it must be confessed that the tone of some of the contributions jarred rather; testimonies of those who attributed 'favours received'—university grants, for example—to the intercession of Steno seem a little out of place in a work seeking to inspire devotion to him by making his virtues and talents better known.

This production is therefore to stimulate general rather than specialist interest. As German is the language used for the most part, *Stenoniana Catholica* may not infect many English Catholics with a devotion to Steno, although there might otherwise be much to appeal to them, for he is in many ways to Danish Catholics what Newman is to English, the convert *par excellence*, an example and encouragement to a Catholic minority.

L. R. DAY

FRENCH CHRONICLE

Gloria Dei est celare verbum : et gloria regum investigare sermonem—Raymond Abellio quotes this fine verse from the Book of Proverbs in his introduction to Paul Sérant's remarkable work, *Au Seuil de l'Esotérisme*. Among the currents of contemporary thought there is one that carries man's revulsion from the absurdity of things right up to the threshold of knowledge itself; some have come to grief in it: Sérant himself was once the too-faithful disciple of the literally satanic Gurdjeff,¹ and his book shews many symptoms of disillusionment. The important fact remains that, amongst the crowd of servile worshippers of the modern world, outstanding personalities are heard to voice an angry protest against this world and its materialistic principles, witnessing to the urgent need of a return to the idea of holiness—such as were Claudel, Péguy, Chesterton, Bernanos, Simone Weil . . . and now André Malraux, the unbeliever, and André Breton, the surrealist; though these two, of course, do not travel the same road as the others. Even those others, on the one royal highway, had each his own itinerary and scope. Different again was the position of Father Teilhard de Chardin, who died this year: he looked to a new kind of human person, capable of comprehending the vaster universe in the strength of an ever-growing spirituality.² Romano Guardini, too, though with more prudential qualifications, avows a kind of optimism, exhibits a generously conciliatory temper. Here perhaps is to be found the surest touch, the best appreciation of man's capacity to rise up from the world and the flesh to meet the demands of a jealous God. The *Briefe vom Comer See*, first published in Germany in 1926, have now been translated into French. In these letters, Guardini asks a number of questions that have been answered in his later books, particularly in *Das Ende der Neuzeit* and *Die Macht*. There is an almost prophetic quality in the work which is strangely impressive.

The same recall to the idea of holiness sounds equally among Frenchmen who suffered the hell of deportation, and among those who went into exile after hearkening for a time to siren songs. An example of the first is the former minister, Edmond Michelet, whose *Rue de la Liberté* is memorable for a lesson in fraternal charity, deeply human, fervently Christian, daily learnt in the events recorded. From among the second comes the surprising news of Marcel Déat's conversion,

¹ There is a disturbing book by Louis Pauwells about this Russian doctor, whose aberrations also influenced Katherine Mansfield (cf. DUBLIN REVIEW, 4th Quarter, 1954, p. 495).

² See numerous articles and notices devoted to this scholar in the special issues of *La Table Ronde* (June) and *Psyché* (August–September).

from the militant anti-clericalism of a left-wing Nazi to Catholicism—and from philosophical atheism to an appreciative reading of Pascal and Jean Guittou.¹ The current publication of Alphonse de Châteaubriant's *Carnets* is a reminder of his novel *La Réponse du Seigneur*, where he seemed vaguely obsessed by mystical phenomena. After many years of estrangement from Catholic orthodoxy, and political adventures which involved questions of spiritual allegiance, he came back humbly to the religion of his childhood.

But when all is said, French mysticism is apt to be well under control—esotericism will always be the affair of a few individuals. Of all the roads to God, it is the ways of reason that will carry the heaviest traffic. This may be an explanation of the continued influence of M. Pouget, discussed in an earlier Chronicle²—and of Simone Weil, so clear and forthright for all her mysticism and her intellectual extravagances: nowhere more than in her posthumous *Oppression et Liberté*. She has accurately analysed what is of permanent worth in Marx, and the essential points in which Marx falls short of adequacy: the ultra-rationalist Alain, who will not be suspected of mysticism, was convinced that Simone Weil herself could supply these deficiencies.

It seems a far cry from her spiritual achievement to the work of Raymond Aron, whose important study, *L'Opium des Intellectuels*, was published earlier this year. Yet there are points of contact. Aron felt the Marxist attraction in his youth. Here he emphasizes its distinctively religious quality. Father le Blond, in the course of a long review (*Etudes*, November), pays particular attention to his characterization of the 'secular religion' which 'makes of the Marxist myth a self-contradiction, and a *hoax*':

From the point of view adopted by religion, acknowledging a transcendent Being, and another higher Life beyond the present, the spectacle of earthly achievements and technical progress is a symbolic indication of Transcendence, at once present and absent, present in absence. But marxism denies transcendence, denies any supra-terrestrial life of men or of man, thus abstracting from its myths all value as 'signs'. A religious truth, without religion—this is not merely a contradiction, but an immediate peril: 'Politics,' says Aron, 'has not yet discovered how to avoid human violence; but violence becomes inhuman when committed for the sake of an absolute, historical truth.' 'Absolute, historical'—that is the point, and the *hoax*: the fantasy of a 'last end', not merely of history but *in* history, a pragmatic absolute, at once mensurable and beatific, a

¹ The story of Déat's conversion is reported in *Ecclesia* (November), over the signature of Gaetano di Sales.

² 2nd Quarter (1954), pp. 240-1.

point in time when men will say 'it is enough' and want no more—this is not just unlikely; it is a contradiction.

Not even all Catholics are immune from the infection of this idolatrous cult of the historical process: the truth that God's kingdom and the triumph of the Church Militant are 'not of this world' is often forgotten or misunderstood. But the time has come for the eyes of many to be opened.

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